



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

My brethren of the Ministerial Association have been at it again. At the meeting on Monday the question of admitting reporters to the meetings came up for a second hearing. "Rev. Dr. Milligan said the Association was a private society, and he questioned whether or not it was well to give the public snatches of discussions that end in no decision." It seems to me that discussions ending in nothing can be of little use unless the Association is a sort of a grown-up debating-school in which the clerical gentlemen merely stir up a potful of words seasoned with wind and warmed by personal contacts. Perhaps out of this rhetorical and argumentative soup each preacher is able to fill himself with sufficient eloquence for the ensuing Sunday, when very likely his sermon will end—like the discussions—in nothing. Rev. Dr. Thomas thought that "if the policy of the past ten years were pursued and public questions were discussed, then the greatest publicity should be given the proceedings. If, however, the Association intended to discuss questions of a theological character, then the press should be excluded." My dear Bro. Thomas, if the Ministerial Association were to begin to discuss theological points, there would be no necessity of excluding the press; it would exclude itself. This being the case—and I am quite sure it would be, at least up to the point where reports might reach the sporting editors that you had your coats off and were pounding logic and pety into one another's heads with chairs and umbrellas, contrary to the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury—you will not think the Press is smarting under a personal injury if we ask you why theology should be discussed in private. The Press Association when it meets does not exclude reporters, even when such momentous questions are being discussed as the proper rate to charge per agate line, per thousand of circulation, for a "quick" reading notice, if placed at top of column, next to reading matter, followed by poetry and not designated as an advertisement. We are willing to let the public know that we charge for our long and thrilling accounts of miracles performed by the "greatest medical discovery of the nineteenth century." The editors discuss in public the relation between the counting-room and the back room where the editor works his brain-barrel. It is even admitted in the presence of reporters that a liberal advertisement or a big order for job work sometimes has a slight influence upon editorial opinion. If such delicate subjects, public discussion of which might lead the populace to imagine that a newspaper is a mere commercial blanket into which anything can be thrown if there is a dollar bill attached to it, are not sufficient reasons for excluding reporters, what are the theological mysteries that must be hidden from the public gaze and the reportorial ear? We already know the relation between the pulpit and the pew, and it is no secret that the pastor has more than a passing acquaintance with the plate, and that little matters of holidays, "testimonials," and that sort of thing, are of considerable importance, so there is no use making trouble about the concealment of these "theological" questions. No doubt the members of the Association are aware of the existence of a large number of ill-informed and probably ill-tempered people who hold that the points that I have already enumerated are about the only ones held to be essential by the average assembly of clergymen. I know that this is not the case. Little spoken of as it may be, even in the privacy of such Ministerial Associations where reporters do not break through and steal the news, the great plan of salvation is hidden somewhere in theology; the message of peace and goodwill has something to do with it also; the law of love and the returning of good for evil, and the pastoral going-out and really and truly hunting for sinners that they may be redeemed—all these matters have some connection—undefined and peculiarly unprofitable perhaps—with theology, therefore I do not see why preachers should lock the door before discussing with one another such things, as they are presumed to present, with more or less publicity to the public on Sundays. Surely they are not anxious to lock the doors so as to put up some job on the devil and catch him napping, for it is said that he is even worse than newspaper reporters at finding things out. Altogether the discussion of the matter reveals a very peculiar phase of the clerical code.

Rabbi Lazarus managed to read his paper on the Jewish Criminal Law to the Association without being stoned, though the newspapers intimate that the divines who had been nurtured on something more tender than Judaism, got rather restless and even emitted audible evidences of dissent. Dr. Parker, who intimated that his motion choking off discussion was caused by a desire to prevent something happening that the reporters would have fun with, moved that the paper be taken as read. Some of the brethren, anxious, no doubt, to give the Rabbi a roasting, did not want it that way, but the motion passed, and the Rabbi was "thanked" and let go home without having his beard plucked. What greater or more satisfactory evidence of the result of Christian teaching could have been found than that this Jew was let off without a rhetorical basting?

Rev. Canon DuMoulin should have, and no doubt will have, the active co-operation of not only all the clergy, but the entire press of Toronto in his crusade against the threatened establishment of a new jockey club for the pur-

pose of holding a long race meeting for gambling purposes. In the first place, Toronto has all the jockey clubs and racing associations that are needed or can be supported by the honest and non-professional sporting sentiment of this city and the large community of which it is the center. The present associations are the outgrowth of an honest and thoroughly decent desire for what is at present wholesome and exhilarating sport. No charge has ever been formulated against either the Jockey Club or the Hunt Club of a desire to foster gambling or encourage an improper or degrading use of the bookmaker's privileges. There is every reason to believe that the new venture will be fashioned on the Gutenberg plan and be nothing better than an enlargement of the Windsor gambling scheme. It is said, and generally believed, that the moving spirits in the proposed enterprise were associated with, or are likely to pattern after, the disreputable turf-gambling, pool-room outfits which were

blended from establishing themselves. For once let us show moderation in our attempts to prevent an evil and a desire to do the right thing, without insulting and unduly restraining the thousands who take a deep and decent interest in the Jockey and Hunt Club races. Canon DuMoulin knows the world well enough to appreciate the advantage of enlisting the sympathies of honest sportsmen instead of injuring or upbraiding them. A great deal of good can be done to the sportsman and no harm will accrue to the church if for once the two forces work together for the good of the community and the protection of our youth from temptation. The people of this city will have races of some sort, good or bad, and if we can only keep them as good as they are now, both those who attend them and those who do not will have reason to be satisfied.

The city is to be put to expense defending a half a hundred suits likely to be brought by

so-called convenience of being able to buy of peddlers therefore is dearly paid for; moreover, it is a convenience which can be furnished by their butcher or grocer calling upon them. Peddling should be stopped altogether, either by a prohibitory license fee or some legal measure. If the city has not power to pass such a measure it should obtain it from the Legislature.

Once before in writing on this subject, I remarked that I had been upbraided by the president of the Peddlers' Association for being out of sympathy with the poor man and inclined to continually advocate the cause of the capitalist. The ordinary shopkeeper is not much of a capitalist; he is highly assessed in both rent and taxes; he has his family to support, and it is not only unnecessary, but unjust, that his bread should be taken from his mouth by the peddler, who probably pays

the last one that they will have to inflict upon Toronto.

The news is welcome in this country that the Imperial Government has decided to join Canada in the establishment of a fast trans-Atlantic service. The fact may not be generally appreciated by the people of the Dominion, but we need this service more than any one thing, and if Sir Mackenzie Bowell's Government cannot be praised for anything else it deserves credit for being larger-minded than the Opposition, which can see no good in the line that will bring people to our country instead of forcing even our own travelers and those who would like to visit us to go via New York or to travel by slow ships. The little subsidy wrung from the Government by the parliamentary representatives of St. John, N.B., for the Beaver Line winter service to that port, will be a good investment. On no steamers running from Canada to Great Britain has better service been given, or better rates, or as great a desire been shown to please the public and give them the worth of their money, as on those of the Beaver Line, and they deserve even more encouragement than they have been given.

The other day as a farmer and his wife were driving home from Belleville and the driver was speeding his team, his wife became frightened and, as is not unusual with nervous people, seized one of the lines, causing the horses to run into a ditch. The result was that the poor woman was thrown out and her neck broken. It is not my business to write "improving tales" for either young or old, but there is such an obvious moral in this occurrence that I cannot resist the temptation of pointing it out. It is wise to leave the driver alone. More catastrophes result matrimonially, financially and every other way from nervous women seizing one of the reins, than the world will ever know. People who grab at the reins scarcely ever get them both, and, if they do, are not usually able to successfully guide anything or anybody. Pulling on one rein always ends in a ditch, and a wife can generally feel certain if she pulls one rein too hard on her husband or on her family, that the other one will be unduly slack, and dire will be the result. When I see women meeting in congresses and associations and trying to grab the reins away from the men, I always think of her unchangeable tendency to grab for the lines when she gets frightened and to step off a car backwards—performances which would be funny were they not so dangerous.

I am not personally acquainted with Rev. Dr. Burwash, but I like him. He always seems so sincere, unostentatious, and so much given to strictly minding his own business. An instance of his straightforward candor is reported as having occurred last Sunday at a meeting of the Canadian Temperance League, where he said that a little vice regal patronage would send thousands of Toronto ladies, who are now afraid to join the W.C.T.U., into that organization, and therefore he prayed that the Government House folks would some day join the association. I am certain that Dr. Burwash is right in asserting that if the W.C.T.U. were made a little more swagger by the membership of social nabobs, a great many women who now stay away would go to it a runnin'. I think a great many of the members—male as well as female—of temperance societies, Christian unions and Endeavor associations, as well as churches, are attracted by the social side of the movements. The more swell a thing gets, the more people are anxious to join it. There is enough snobbery in Toronto, as well as elsewhere, to prove a certain class of people anxious to touch elbows with the mistress of Government House, or any other big fine house, and rub up against riches and celebrity, no matter of what sort or how obtained. It is a poor, meanly impulse, but it is a power in attracting numbers. The only feature of Dr. Burwash's remarks to which I can take objection is the prayer for vice-regal patronage, for it is all that prevented the report of his remarks in the daily papers from reading like an exceedingly clever piece of sarcasm. Surely temperance and Christian movements have soul enough and sincerity enough in them not to need the presence and support of that abomination, tuft-hunters. Such people are more likely to ruin a movement by their presence than to discourage it by their absence. Sensible and self-respecting people should certainly take sudden and disgusted flight from an organization which relies for its membership on those fawning people who go about grinning into the faces of the great, and hunting for some excuse for pretending to have the acquaintance of their so-called social superiors.

I doubt whether people can be made thankful by Act of Parliament or be able to concentrate any unusual quantity of gratitude into any special day. Desiring, however, to appear as thankful as anybody else, I feel the conventional impulse to say something about my thankfulness. I had just finished my weekly contribution of reflections on politicians, clergymen, and the people generally with whom I disagree, when all at once it struck me that I had not been seasonably thankful. I always have to write my part of SATURDAY NIGHT considerably in advance of its publication day, but this week, owing to Thursday's holiday, I have to be an extra day ahead of Saturday. This forces me to be overcome by my gratitude considerably in advance of the time appointed by the Governor-General in Council, and in reality to give utterance to my sentiments on this subject somewhat prior to



INDUCEMENT.

expelled from the State of New York. Every patron of legitimate racing is well aware of the dangers involved in racing that is not for the purpose of testing speed for sport's sake and encouraging the breeding of good horses, but merely to afford an opportunity for gamblers to ply their calling. There is no clergyman in this city more bitterly opposed to the establishment of such a concern as we are threatened with, than the thousands of reputable citizens who every spring and fall can be seen at the Woodbine track at our race meetings. As long as the agitation is carried no further than the obtaining of a law which will prevent professional turf gamblers from establishing themselves and tempting the youth of the community into destructive ventures, every reputable sportsman in Canada will loyally join in the crusade. If, however, the tendency to demand a law which will be unduly stringent, that marks nearly all of the movements inaugurated by the clergy, is shown, the opposition to it will be formidable. Much as I like properly conducted horse racing, I would rather see it abolished entirely than have a gambling hell established in or near Toronto. That the entire abolition of bookmakers would seriously injure even legitimate race meetings cannot be denied, and it seems to me that some means can be found short of this to prevent the gam-

peddlers claiming damage against it for illegal prosecution, arrest and imprisonment. This is the result of the passage of an illegal measure prohibiting peddling on certain business streets. I have always been opposed to peddlers being allowed to pester the people of any street, for in a place like Toronto there are ample opportunities to purchase necessary supplies at stores scattered all over the city, which pay rent and taxes and are more or less prevented from practicing deceptions and the vending of unwholesome articles, by the knowledge that honesty is the only profitable policy for those who have to meet the same customers every day. While peddlers as a class may be thoroughly honest, yet their itinerancy affords many opportunities for the practice of extortion, misrepresentation and perpetration of frauds. I feel certain that the people of Toronto who buy from peddlers are worse served and lose more money than they save in time and trouble by not having to go to regular shops to make their purchases. Sharpers disguised as farmers peddle apples, vegetables, butter, etc., of an inferior quality, and yet obtain higher prices than are charged at the markets or the stores. The best fruit and the best fish one may be sure are not peddled. The man or woman that thus buys jewelry, rugs, tea or coffee, or any staple article, may be sure that he or she will get the worst of it. The

no taxes except a small license fee and benefits the city by nothing more than what he pays for house-rent or board. It is not the duty of the city to maintain its streets, its police force, its gas lamps and electric lights, simply to have them blockaded by slowly moving peddlers' wagons and vendors' trays, neither is it fair that merchants paying a high rent and heavy taxes be annoyed by shrieking banana dervishes from early morn till dewy eve. It must also be remembered that those who do not rise early in the morning have a right to lie abed if they can afford it, without having their ears outraged by the cries of fish hawkers and fruit peddlers. The measure intended to prevent peddlers from plying their trade on business streets was born of the good nature of the aldermen, who were willing to yield something to the leather-lunged petitioners who begged so hard to be given a chance to make a living. If peddling had been stopped by a prohibitory license fee, these fellows who are now claiming damages would have been driven out of town, and good riddance it would have been. By trying to half satisfy them the city has got itself into the present unfortunate position. Its next effort should be more carefully considered, and more effectual. Gratitude the peddlers have none; now, then, let us have no peddlers, and the present bill of costs will be

their arrival. This is unfortunate, for how can I with propriety feel officially thankful anterior to the time set apart for the annual glow of gratitude? I confess to these perplexities, because somewhere in my system there is something that undeniably bates to be called up and told to do the thankful act as if it were a trick pony, or a performing thing of some sort. This something, whatever it is, good or evil, whichever it may be, reminds me that I got out my paper and pencil again, not because I was thankful, but simply to add to the great wave of uttered formalism which on Thanksgiving Day will be so largely composed of hypocrisy and words, mere empty, soul-deadening words, as utterly devoid of life and love and heart-song as the nest of a last summer's robin in one of the trees of my neighbor's lawn.

Of course it is right to be thankful and to have a day set apart for it, but because it is a matter of course, it degenerates into a form which may kill the real thing. I can't bear Thanksgiving sermons and editorials, because they make me cynical. I want to do my own thanking, and then I'll give thanks for nothing that I am not grateful for. Surely the human heart is not so hard that it requires a professional speaker or writer to stir it into a recognition of the blessings we enjoy! Nor is it ennobling to us or acceptable incense to our Maker if we screw ourselves up to the point of pouring out words of gratitude for things which do not touch our hearts or make us uplift our faces to heaven and say, "O God, I thank Thee!" What I am deeply thankful for may not be of the slightest interest to you or the public generally, and even if it were I should have no excuse for parading either the thing itself or the fact that I was not so wooden-hearted, utterly base and selfish as to be incapable of gratitude. If my general conduct or yours is such as to lead those who know us to the conclusion that we are thankful to God or to our earthly friends for what we enjoy, it is my belief that neither of us have a right by the use of words to try to convince them of the opposite. Words are so often the cloak of the hypocrite and the weapon of the liar that they are a poor medium for conveying either to our Maker or to those whose finite love we prize, our appreciation of them.

At the risk of seeming to do exactly what I have condemned, I'll give an instance of the difference between formal and real thankfulness. Last summer my little boy while away summering fell off a bridge into the middle of a deep arm of the sea, out of which the tide was running. He had no one with him but a little child; he could not swim, and yet by what seemed almost a miracle he got out, impressed by nothing except the fright, the wetting and a notion that he would not sink in water. The other evening his mother told him he ought to thank God every night for having been saved. Looking surprised and pained at the suspicion of ingratitude he replied: "Wah, I thanked Him for that long ago, down on Prince Edward Island." He was not old enough to understand, but surely his mother and father can never look into his bright little face without giving sincere but wordless thanks to God that it was not buried beneath the sea.

Dox.

Social and Personal.

Thursday afternoon lectures on the Book of Revelation are being given by Canon DuMoulin each week. The lectures are at three o'clock. Rev. Frank DuMoulin has been appointed to a church in Chicago.

Mr. James P. Murray has had a delightful trip to Halifax. During the absence the stork visited his home and left him a winsome little daughter, who is to be "Nanno the second."

Mrs. Scadding's mother, Mrs. Holcroft, has come out from England and is with Mrs. Scadding at her home on Sherbourne street.

Another large dinner was given at Craiglea this week by Mr. and Mrs. Osler.

Lady Smith gives a reception and tea at Rivermount this afternoon.

At the various teas and receptions three very noticeable and beautiful women are the Misses Fitzgerald, who are boarding at a downtown hotel this winter.

Mrs. Kebble Merritt's dance last Saturday evening, although perforce a Cinderella party, was while it lasted of the gayest and merriest. Those residing in the house made up quite a party, and outsiders who were favored with cards thoroughly improved the opportunity to see how much fun could be crowded into four short hours. Some exceedingly pretty dresses, fresh from the dressmakers, were worn to perfection by pretty girls. The party broke up with regret at midnight, and only a pleasant memory remains of a much pleasanter reality. The house was arranged as for the Kingsmill dance last winter, the office being arranged as a reception room. Mrs. Merritt wore a handsome black gown, with trimmings of pale blue.

The Athletic Club dance on Friday of last week was very pleasant, and the attendance large. The floor was in prime condition, but the music was not as good as last time, being distinctly at fault in some dances as to tune, and inclining to lifelessness all through. A few of those present were: Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Mrs. John I. Davidson, who were hostesses; Mrs. Palmer and her charming daughter, who wore a smart little white silk frock; the Misses Dawson, in white and rose pink; Miss Fanny Small, in pale blue; Miss Strange, in buttercup crepe; Miss Leslie, in black satin. As usual, there were hosts of men, some of them among the perfect dancers of Toronto, some alas! whose ideas of a two-step were evidently a Darwinian reminiscence, and whose partners bore that gentle expression of martyrdom akin to crushed feet. Supper was served in the dining-room in the usual sociable way, and the waiters were agreeably watchful and nimble. A couple of unusually pretty girls, one of that peculiarly radiant type which one admires in the Semitic race, the other a pouting, merry child-face, surrounded by a wealth

of soft curls, were much remarked upon by observant men-folk. The young Jewess, who is very lovely, had a programme all too small to appease the demands of her partners. I hear it is the intention of the club to give a large and smart ball in the near future.

Mrs. William Roaf gave a large tea on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Logan have returned from their wedding trip, and have taken up their residence at 165 Dowling avenue. Mrs. Logan will be at home to receive her friends on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, November 25 and 26.

The chrysanthemum show was opened by the Lieutenant-Governor on Tuesday afternoon, in a neat address to the hundreds of flower-lovers who stood about among the ranks of chrysanthemums or ranged themselves in the gallery seats to look down upon the beautiful scene. Punctually at three o'clock (one could set one's clock by the vice-regal movements) the Government House carriage drove up to the Pavilion and landed His Honor, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and their guest, Mr. Dobell, at the entrance. Mr. Chambers escorted the Lieutenant-Governor, while Captain MacMaster attended Mrs. Kirkpatrick on a tour of the building—where the palm house and the supper hall add much to former space and beauty. A few of the visitors were: Professor Goldwin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. David Walker (who leave Toronto immediately for a trip to Texas), Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mrs. Creelman, Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mrs. Price-Brown and many others. The show is the best yet held in Toronto, and the evolution of the chrysanthemum is a perfect wonder.

McKinley Lodge At Home was a complete success. A very large attendance, good music, a nice supper and plenty of dancing for those thus inclined, with various other amusements for the older members and chaperones, combined to make up a very pleasant evening. About four hundred were present. The hall was beautifully decorated.

The many friends of Mrs. James T. Fisher of Grenville street will sympathize with herself and daughter in their sad bereavement caused by the sudden death of Mr. Fisher, which occurred at London on November 14. Three weeks ago he left home for New York in good health, and was on his return when stricken down with erysipelas in the eyes, which proved fatal. The funeral took place November 16 from his late residence, and was attended by many of his associates. Marks of sympathy were expressed by the floral tributes which covered the coffin.

Mrs. Allen Aylesworth has gone on a visit to her mother at Napanee for Thanksgiving.

One of the largest funerals that ever occurred in the West End was that of the late Dr. James Rea of Dundas street, which occurred on Tuesday afternoon. Services were conducted in Chalmers' church before proceeding to Mount Pleasant cemetery, and so widely known and so respected was the deceased that the church could not contain those who sought admittance. Dr. Rea died quite unexpectedly Sunday night of a hemorrhage. He spent last winter in California and Mexico, convinced that he had incipient lung trouble, but his recovery was looked for. He went through the North-West Rebellion as one of the medical staff of the Queen's Own Rifles, and those who were wounded speak yet in praise of that magnetic sympathy and cheerful spirit of his, qualities that subsequently built up for him one of the best medical practices in the West End. He leaves a widow and two sweet little girls.

Now that the evenings close in early, and Sunday strolls must be shorter, the informal Sunday tea is making its pleasant invitation audible. By the way, a new utensil, if I may so name it, is the crumplet tongs—something like the bon-bon tongs which come in fancy sweet-boxes, and indispensable for the management of the delicious hot and plentifully buttered crumplet, or even for Sara Bernhard's abomination—buttered toast.

Mrs. Lockhart's dance on Tuesday evening was a most delightful affair. In spite of the shocking state of the weather, a very large number of young people enjoyed the hospitality of the hostess of this charming home on College street. Miss Edith Lockhart and Miss Marion Barker made their entrance into society at this dance. Both wore the regulation white and looked, blessed as they both are with youth and good looks, quite the ideals of bright and charming debutantes. Men were plenty, and the dance most enjoyable.

The various dances for the Country and Hunt Club entertainment are progressing satisfactorily to perfection. The gavotte costumes, at one of which I have had a prep, are sweetly becoming and elegant. The dance of the wood nymphs is a very bright and graceful affair, and the wee Brownies are killing. The minuet will, of course, be a picture of old-world brilliancy and modern beauty combined. The unfolding of the story of Hildegarde, the imprisoned princess, is accomplished by means of a myriorama, as the various acts and tableaux are named, and is going to be a very beautiful and artistic affair.

Stanley was reciting his commandments, and, growing careless or weary towards the end, hurried up the decalogue as follows: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor, nor (impressively) his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his!"

On Tuesday a pretty chrysanthemum wedding took place at the residence of Mr. James Y. Hadley, Glenbailie, Pickering, when his eldest daughter, Miss Irene Margaret Barron Hadley, was married to Mr. Fred. C. Armstrong of Toronto. Miss Hadley wore her traveling dress of sapphire blue and black, with bouquet of white chrysanthemums. She was attended by her sister Ella as a maid of honor, and her bridesmaids were Miss Margaret Jackson of Clinton and the groom's sister, Miss Lizzie Armstrong. They wore white and carried posies of yellow chrysanthemums. Mr. Harry Armstrong was best man, and Mr.

F. W. H. Cole, bride's usher. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong left after the wedding breakfast for a tour in the States, where the bride has many relatives. On their return they will reside at 634 Ontario street.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Atkinson have removed from Jameson avenue to 48 Leopold street, Parkdale.

Mr. C. P. Lennox has removed from Beaconsfield avenue to 501½ Sherbourne street. Miss Lennox and Dr. Eleanor Lennox are welcome hostesses in the East End.

Mrs. Justice Harrison is settled at 578 Huron street, where she receives on Fridays.

Mrs. J. K. Macdonald of Charles street gave a very pleasant tea on Friday of last week.

Miss Louise Jones has been for some time on a visit to friends in New York. Miss Quinlan, Mrs. Jones' sister, arrived last Friday on a visit to Benvenuto.

Mrs. Brown of Vancouver is visiting Mrs. Joseph Macdougall of Carlton Lodge. This bright and attractive lady is most enthusiastic in her description of her Western home, and has made many friends in Toronto during her all-too-brief visit.

The serious illness of Mr. Temple McMurich has been a source of the greatest anxiety to his young friends, with whom no one is more popular.

Toronto friends will be glad to hear of the well-being of Monsieur and Madame Coutellier, who are comfortably settled in Paris and are now the happy parents of two children—a little daughter having arrived a short time ago.

Mrs. John and Miss Cawthra leave to-day for Egypt, where quite a choice little circle of Torontonians will pass the winter. Among these is Mrs. Cameron, whom I am told everyone greatly admires, and who, always charming, is looking unusually well, and Miss Constance Jarvis, who will keep up the reputation of Toronto as a city of exceedingly pretty girls.

Mrs. Street Macklem is visiting relations in Welland.

Miss Amy Hamilton, who made her debut at her mother's tea in Rosedale some little time ago, is a most charming girl who will be much appreciated in society.

Mrs. Ross Robertson went down last week to meet Mr. Robertson on his return from England, and was one of the visitors to the horse show, which, judging from published and unpublished accounts, was something very like the sowing of gaped in the direction of the Vanderbilt logs. Fancy several hundreds of men and women standing gawking at the Marlborough-Vanderbilt pair until the police were sent to 'move them on! An occasional visitor mirthfully writes me that once when the Dock, as the mob call him, yawned with weary indifference, hundreds of mouths unconsciously opened in sympathetic movement, and that the effect was indescribable.

Mr. James Higman of the British America Assurance Co. had a nasty fall from his wheel on the wet asphalt on Saturday evening, which resulted in a broken leg. Mr. Higman will be laid up for some weeks, as the fracture is of a complicated nature and very painful.

All that was mortal of Captain Elliot was laid to rest on Sunday afternoon. The death of this young ex-officer of the Grens. was a terrible shock to his friends, many of whom had conversed with him a day or two before. On the Sunday parade, two weeks before his funeral, Captain Elliot and his pretty little boy were at the Massey Hall, and the ex-soldier watched his old regiment file by, and held up the child to see Company "F." His widow has the heartfelt sympathy of a large circle of her cruel bereavement.

Mrs. Hogg of Ottawa returned home this week.

Mrs. Alfred Marsh gave a tea on Friday of last week.

At Miss Windeat's studio tea on Friday some pretty sketches by Miss Hagerty were on exhibition. This young artist leaves for England immediately. A large number of artists and their friends took in this pleasant tea, which was given specially for them, that they might see Miss Hagerty's summer work and bid her farewell and bon voyage.

An engagement will be made public shortly between a pretty Torontonian and a young Montreal gentleman.

The date of the Lorne Football Club At Home has been changed from December 6 to 10. It is to be held in Confederation-Life buildings.

Miss May Bull and Mrs. Beat of 5 Walmer road are enjoying a long visit to Pittsburg and other American cities.

Mrs. George Tate Blackstock returned home this week and has taken a furnished house on the West side for the winter.

Mrs. Cosby of Maplehyrn, who has been taking the baths at Warsaw, returned to Toronto a few days since much benefited by the treatment.

The marriage of Miss Berna Irene Moore and Mr. John C. Little took place on Thanksgiving day at one o'clock at Holy Trinity church, Trinity square.

Mrs. Crawford, the esteemed lady whose death has cast several of our prominent families into mourning, was buried on Saturday with every mark of respect. The funeral proceeded from the residence of her son-in-law, Commander Law, to St. Michael's, which cathedral was crowded with people. The service was solemnly rendered by a full choir, and one of the best remembered of the bygone generations was reverently laid to rest.

On Monday evening St. John's church, Toronto Junction, was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when Miss Rebecca Stewart, daughter of the late Thomas Stewart, was married

to Mr. C. M. Butchart, superintendent of York Loan and Saving Co., of St. Catharines. The bride looked charming in a cream silk dress with satin and pearl trimming, and carried a large bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The bridesmaid was her sister, who was becomingly attired in Nile green and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Miss May Kemp acted as maid of honor and looked quite pretty with her basket of white roses. Master Harold Kemp acted as page. The happy couple left for their home in St. Catharines amidst a shower of rice and well-wishes from their numerous friends.

Mr. Hall Caine was in town on Wednesday and Thursday of this week. On Thursday Mr. D. A. Rose gave a tea for Mr. Caine. A number of other Thanksgiving teas gathered more or less grateful spirits together in different quarters of the city.

Miss Kate Hays of Isabella street is visiting friends in Philadelphia.

At a musicale recently I was surprised to hear some persons conversing in quite audible voices, not four yards from an artist who was rendering some charming selections on the violin. The breach of good manners was not less glaring because it was committed by the principals of two leading seminaries, whose practice exactly contradicted their supposed precept of respect for art.

A ball is on the tapis in an east side mansion famous for its success in such functions, at which the second daughter of the house is to come out.

Another interesting entertainment which comes off next week in our sister city, Hamilton, is the Military Encampment, gotten up by the Ladies' Committee of the Wentworth Historical Society. It embraces many features of great interest as well as amusing entertainments of various kinds. A minstrel show, children's parade, with floats en tabeau, artillery, highland, foresters' and canteen tents, a theater, and an arbor for flowers and sweets, are a few of the features aforesaid. Quite an ambitious affair, even for the Ambitious City.

The Foresters' Concert.

The fine concert given under the auspices of the Independent Order of Foresters in Massey Music Hall on Tuesday evening last, attracted, notwithstanding very unfavorable weather, an audience of about twenty-five hundred people. The event was arranged in honor of the gathering of the National Fraternal Congress, and the promoters of the concert are to be congratulated upon having made a choice of artists such as are but too seldom heard at the entertainments of fraternal organizations. M. Rivaude, the eminent French violinist; M. Lacharme, pianist; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson, vocalists, and Sig. Giuseppe Dinelli, accompanist, were the participating artists. The programme presented was artistic in every respect, although, perhaps, somewhat heavy for a mixed audience. The lateness of the hour when the first number began, combined with the classical character of the entertainment, produced a certain feeling of restlessness among the audience which, with the confusion created by numerous departures from the hall after half the programme had been completed, had a corresponding depressing effect upon the performers. This was shown in several changes made in the programme by M. Rivaude in which more popular selections were substituted for the Beethoven Romances and the Bach Prelude and Fugue. M. Rivaude in his various selections proved himself to be an artist of the highest rank, not only when regarded from the standpoint of his brilliant technique, but also from the refined musical temperament and versatility generally which were apparent in all his work. The beauty of tone displayed in the slow movement of Bruch's concerto and the phenomenal ease with which he played Wieniawski's Fantasia on Russian Airs were triumphs of musicianship and technical virtuosity. The enthusiasm of the audience was most marked after the Wieniawski fantasia, when the artist was repeatedly recalled.

One is pleased to record the genuine success won on this occasion by the vocalists of the evening. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson. Mrs. Thomson sang with admirable purity of tone and remarkably finished vocalism throughout. The coloration work in Gounod's difficult aria was most artistically rendered, nor was she any the less successful in the two ballads sung by her later in the evening. As an encore to the aria she sang Donnee's charming Lullaby with charming sentiment and sweetness of tone. Mr. Thomson's success was none the less pronounced. The fine quality of voice and dramatic fervor shown in Handel's Honor and Arms won for him an enthusiastic encore. In the lighter numbers he sang with excellent effect and much expression, demonstrating conclusively the extent of his artistic development since he left Toronto several years ago and entered the field of music professionally across the border. He was repeatedly encored. The pianist, M. Lacharme, won instant recognition both as a soloist and ensemble artist. His solo playing was encored, and his performances generally stamp him as a pianist of unusual attainments. The accompaniments were played by Sig. Dinelli in his usual sympathetic and musicianly manner.

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Social and Personal.

Of the two large teas given on Saturday by Mrs. Herbert Mason and Mrs. Kerr Osborne, many have a confused impression consequent upon the intermingling of guests. Some spent the earlier afternoon at St. George's Hall and rendered themselves at Clover Hill towards six o'clock, and vice versa, the vice versa being rather in the majority, probably because one feels free to linger longer in a public hall than in a private house, where dinner hour is one of the inevitables. The dainty mistress of Ermelagh was assisted in the large contract of receiving hundreds of friends by Miss Mason and Mrs. Vandersmissen; Miss Katie Stevenson helped at the buffet, and Mr. Mason was here, there and everywhere welcoming the coming, escorting the lingering and speeding the parting guests. St. George's Hall was sweetly decorated in pink silk, chrysanthemums and smilax, and a vista of hats, bonnets, bright faces and smart toilettes was shown in the immense mirrors which formed the background of the dais, where were many easy *tele-a-tele* half hid by large ferns and palms. The twin tables were in white and pink, the flower of autumn being largely in evidence, while the musicians, stationed in their gallery, discoursed very good music at intervals during the afternoon. So great was the crush of guests that at times it was hard to get to the hostess for a final goodbye, and as for the chatter, it was one continuous roar, through which the delicious strains of Love's Promises or the smart refrain of Tommy Atkins occasionally drifted from the orchestra. The tea, I hear, the fore-runner of several others to be given in St. George's Hall this season, and soon there will not be heard the confession which was made on Saturday by the usually busy husband of the prettiest woman of the east side: "I never knew till to-day where St. George's Hall was, nor how pretty it was."

On Saturday the mistress of Government House was a busy woman; during the afternoon there was the christening at Rosedale House, where the little nephew received his name, then a few moments at Clover Hill, and a visit to St. George's Hall, and always her bright and gracious smile for every friend and acquaintance. The wonder is not that Mrs. Kirkpatrick is so very popular; rather would the wonder be if she were anything else.

Mrs. Kerr Osborne's tea was more than a tea, as the additional attraction of a short musical programme gave it the flavor of a *matinee musicale*. The billiard-room was arranged as a music-room, and the piano solo by Mr. Charles Wark, the violin solos by Mr. George Fox, and the songs by Signor De-lasco and Miss Huston were good music which much enhanced the pleasure of the affair. Mrs. Kerr Osborne received in the charming Louis XVI. drawing-room, and was kept a prisoner there till an unusually late hour, for people came until some time past six o'clock. Several bicycles stacked in an angle of the grounds proclaimed the attendance of a number of members of the Knickerbocker Bicycle Club, who were specially permitted by the fair hostess to attend in cycling costume, a considerable idea, when fine days are growing deplorably less and these enthusiasts feel wronged if they miss their daily spin. In the dining room the merry talk and laughter which were not allowable in the music-room had full sway as the guests crowded about the pretty buffet for the dainty sandwich and the sparkling "cup." The white and gold chrysanthemum reigned here, and one of the former was worn by a gay and festive bachelor which was of such dimensions as to subject him to any amount of chaff, which he thoroughly enjoyed. "Yes, I must wear it, for the boy whom I hired to carry it up for me only came as far as the door," was one of his retorts. By the way, there are two (masculine) sides to the *boutenniere* question. A certain society man reviles the idea of men thus adorning themselves, while another has been known to declare he would as soon go to a ball without gloves as without this floral finishing touch.

Mrs. Richard Kirkpatrick of Carlton street gives a tea next Tuesday afternoon for her son's bride, Mrs. Cummings Kirkpatrick, and Mrs. Porter. The bride is an American lady whose grace and beauty are notable, and who will be warmly welcomed for her own sweet sake as well as for that of her husband, who has hosts of friends in Toronto. Mr. Kirkpatrick is at present living at Prescott, being an officer in the office of the Merchants' Bank.

Miss Patterson of St. Hilda's College gave a tea on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Primrose of 196 Simcoe street gave a tea, I believe one of a series, one afternoon this week.

Mrs. Wm. Meredith gave a charming tea yesterday afternoon.

A sweet little visitor to Toronto is Miss Warren of Chicago, who has been here for some months, the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Robert Darling.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson have given up their home on Spadina road and are boarding for the winter. They have decided not to take the Mexico trip this year, and hope to have Mr. Percy Robertson home for the holidays next year, and return south with him.

A pretty Saturday tea was given by Mrs. Charles Holman of Lowther avenue. The magnificent distances are severely felt in Toronto when one wants to do several teas on the same afternoon. This was pre-eminently the case on an occasion which I recall of last winter's engagements, when the same people wanted to present themselves at a smart home in Rosedale and also take in a very nice tea at Stanley Barracks.

The comic operetta, An Old-Fashioned Husking Bee with New-Fangled Notions, was produced in the Dundas Town Hall on Thursday evening, November 7, before a bumper house. It was one of the best and most successful amateur performances ever given in Dundas, and the greatest credit is due Mrs. F. Wellesley Holmsted and Mrs. Thomas Cochenour, the lady managers. In the cast were some of Dundas's cleverest people, including



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Miss Bibby and Mr. Charles Spalding, both of whom have more than a local reputation; Miss Anna Wilson, daughter of Mr. R. T. Wilson, who made a decided hit; Miss Pantton, Miss Racey, Mr. T. H. Hayhurst, better known as Private Hayhurst, the Queen's prize-man; Mr. F. Wellesley Holmsted, manager of the Dundas branch Canadian Bank of Commerce; Mr. Wilkie Lawason, Mr. David McKeehnle, and Mr. Victor Stanley, who, as Little Lord Fauntleroy, scored a hit. Mrs. Holmsted was stage manager and was also in the cast, and Mrs. Cochenour, who is an accomplished musician, played the accompaniment. There was an efficient chorus of thirty voices trained by Mrs. Wylie of Hamilton. Mr. Will More was conductor. The proceeds were in aid of St. James' church. Mrs. Holmsted, who has a positive genius in this direction, is arranging for the production of a couple of comedies on December 19 in aid of the poor of the town.

Dr. George E. Millichamp, youngest son of ex-Alderman Millichamp, sailed on Saturday, the 9th inst., on the steamer Parisian for England, to take a course in the principal London hospitals. Later he intends proceeding to Germany for a similar purpose. Miss Maud Millichamp left here for the city of Detroit on Monday week and intends taking a course in vocal music under Mr. Harold Jarvis.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple Robinson have gone south for the winter, and the pretty little hostess, who dispensed tea in those delightful cups on Tuesdays, is seen no more in Grenville street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Rose of St. Mary's street left on Saturday for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green have returned and are in their new home, 47 Bernard avenue, where Mrs. Green will receive on Friday and Saturday November 29 and 30.

Mrs. G. Sisson Morphy, of Tiverton Villa, Grimsby, gave a most enjoyable drive whist party on Wednesday evening. The fortunate prize winners were Mrs. R. Unwin, Miss Radcliffe, Mr. George Pettit and Mr. Hornbrooke. A very dainty supper was served *tele-a-tele*.

A couple of weeks ago I mentioned the success of Miss Jeanie Wallbridge at the County



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MY LITTLE FRIEND.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Author of *Boat's Baby*, etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

In less than five minutes Phyllis Damer came into the room, followed by the parson, who had a face which was a mixture of a thunder-cloud and a piece of pipeclay. Von Dornberg looked up at him curiously. He seemed the most utterly unlike a triumphant, newly accepted lover that he had ever beheld in his life. Phyllis, too, came in with something very like a cloud upon her lovely eyes, but it cleared away, and her face broke into a charming smile as she perceived von Dornberg's presence.

"Oh, how good of you to come out—have you been here long?" she asked.

"Not very long—a few minutes."

"Mr. von Dornberg is going to play to us presently, Phyl," said Mrs. Winton sweetly.

"That's good," said Phyllis. "Are you going to have tea first?"

"Yes; it will be here in a minute. Christian has gone to hurry them up."

Mr. Hawkesley moved across the room and sat down on the same sofa as the lady of the house. Von Dornberg also seated himself, but near to Phyllis.

"How do you feel to-day, after your awful shaking yesterday?" he asked.

"Well," said Phyllis, "I feel as if I'd been put out by mistake on one of the stone heaps on the road and well hammered."

"That is to say, you feel very bruised, and shaken, and stiff?"

"Very," she answered.

"How is the pony?"

"Oh, he's all right; I'll take you to see him after tea."

"I hear," he said, dropping his voice to a whisper, "that I am to congratulate you."

"On what?" she asked, turning her startled eyes upon him.

"On your engagement."

"Who told you so?"

"Your sister; at least, she said that she believed it was so."

"Oh, my poor sister," said Phyllis, laughing softly; "my poor sister is one of those people who always believe what they want to believe. I really should be thankful to oblige her in this particular instance, but I can't; and as it is I who would have to live with the husband she would provide for me, I somehow cannot fall in with what she wishes. Please don't mention it again; it's preposterous."

In the meantime Mrs. Winton had taken an opportunity of whispering a question to the vicar.

"Is it all right?" she asked with anxious sympathy.

"No," said the vicar, "it's as wrong as it can be. I can't imagine how you and Winton can make so much fuss over this—this beggarly German fellow."

Now, in a general way, Mrs. Winton allowed the vicar very much the place of a tame cat in the house; that is to say, he came and went as he chose, and he did and said what he chose, but there were limits, even to her patience and to Mr. Hawkesley's influence, and he overstepped those limits that unlucky afternoon.

"Mr. Winton and I are the best judges of that," she said in rather a frozen tone. "We are bound to show him a certain amount of civility for his good services to Phyllis. He is a mere casual acquaintance and his manners are good enough for anybody. He has a very good name, too." She knew nothing whatever about German names, but she assumed that it was a good name and trusted to Mr. Hawkesley's ignorance of the subject.

"Oh, it's a good name enough," said he carelessly, believing that she did know something about it; "but you haven't the smallest idea that it's his own."

"Well, I have not got any actual proof that yours is your own," she said sensibly.

On the whole, she was rather nettled; she felt that the vicar was going a little too far, and she remained perfectly civil, even cordial, to the German stranger. She took special interest in ministering to his likes and dislikes—did he like cream—sugar—one lump or two? And she especially recommended her little rock-cakes as being wonderfully good. And von Dornberg, who would have eaten raw potatoes to please her, quietly sat and munched three or four of the cakes, and came back for another cup of tea, telling her how very good it was.

"Do you get it from Russia?" he asked, watching her pour out his second cup with a good deal of interest.

Now, if there was a thing Mrs. Winton prided herself upon it was the quality of her tea. I don't know precisely how it was, but she got it by the chest at a time from a large house in the city, and, to be quite candid, she only paid sixteen pence a pound for it, so that what she managed to obtain and keep up a reputation for exceedingly good tea will always remain more or less of a mystery.

"Oh, no," she said, "it's not Russian tea—I get it from town; all my friends tell me it's very good. I'm so glad you like it."

"Now will you," said Phyllis, when they had quite finished, "will you, Mr. von Dornberg, come out and see the stables, or will you play first?"

"I think, with your permission, I'll go out and see the stables," said he.

"Yes, come along," cried Gerald Winton, "come along, Florence—come Hawkesley—let's all go around—and don't forget the sugar."

"Oh, yes, don't forget the sugar," said Phyllis. "Let me see, what shall we put it in?"

"Here's a hand at your service," said von Dornberg promptly.

She emptied the small sugar basin into his capacious palm.

"It is a hand," she said, smiling up at him, "it is a hand—it's as good as a bag."

"Such as it is, you are more than welcome to it," said he, with a tender look in his eyes.

The tone in which he spoke was enough to send the danger-signals into the girl's cheeks, but she put aside the compliment with a little

deprecating gesture of her hand, and led the way out of the room.

The stables were soon explored, and from the stables they went to see Christian's fernery, and Olive's ducks, and Margaret's guinea-pigs, and Vivian's rabbits. Then they went around to the little meadow to see the colt which Mr. Winton had bred the previous season, and at last they went back to the house, and von Dornberg was triumphantly set down to the piano with orders to play—to play anything he liked, but to play.

So he played and he sang until it grew so late that Gerald Winton finally asked him to stop to supper—which they always had instead of late dinner on Sunday evening.

"Oh, I can't inflict myself on you again," he said. "Mrs. Winton will think me a perfect nuisance, and Miss Phyllis will wish I had not been in Harburch at all yesterday, and that she had rather have been left to her fate. You're awfully kind—I'm most grateful—but, indeed, I can't allow myself to accept your hospitality again."

Mrs. Winton, however, had taken a new idea into her head. She was a singular woman—in some ways very astute, in others equally foolish.

"I do hope you will stay," she said sweetly, "we really almost keep open house on Sunday—Mr. Hawkesley is going to stay, are you not, Mr. Hawkesley?"

"I haven't been asked yet," said Mr. Hawkesley, who was furious at von Dornberg presuming to call Miss Damer "Miss Phyllis."

"I quite thought," said Mrs. Winton very sweetly, "that you had a standing invitation for Sunday evening."

"I'm sure you never wait to be asked, Mr. Hawkesley," said little Margaret, with a sudden outburst of that innocent and often highly inconvenient quality, the bare truth; "I never heard mother ask you to supper—never—and you always stay."

"My little friend," said von Dornberg, in much amusement, "you remind me of one of my sister's little girls, who, when the Grand Duke—but, there, perhaps I had better not tell that story. Forgive me, my little friend forgive me, I have forgotten it."

But Miss Margaret was a young lady who was not thus easily to be put off.

"Mr. von Dornberg," she said in a whisper, "does your sister's little girl know a Grand Duke?"

"Well, she has certainly seen a Grand Duke," he said awkwardly. "You see, Grand Dukes are very plentiful in Germany."

"Which Grand Duke was it?" persisted Margaret. "Was it the Grand Duke of Hesse?"

"No, it wasn't," answered the German.

"Was it the Grand Duke of Baden?"

"No, it wasn't the Grand Duke of Baden. Please don't ask me any more about it—I've forgotten the story. My little friend," he went on, in a peculiarly caressing and considerate tone, "when you are as old as I am you will have learned that to tell a story of which you have forgotten the point is the most foolish thing that any man or woman can do. It's bad enough to tell a story at all, but to tell a story and forget the point—it is criminal."

"But, Mr. von Dornberg," persisted Margaret, "how old are you?"

"How old am I? How old do you think I am?"

"Oh," looking at him with calculating and innocent eyes, "I should think you were pretty old."

Now, Miss Margaret happened to be only a little maid of ten summers, and anything grown up was pretty old to her. Von Dornberg laughed heartily.

"Well, I am pretty old. I'm thirty-four."

"It's not possible," cried Mrs. Winton.

"Yes, I'm thirty-four years old."

"And your sister's little girl?" went on Margaret.

"Margaret, don't trouble Mr. von Dornberg," said Mrs. Winton in a tone of rebuke.

"Oh, I beg, Madame, you will not believe that she troubles me. I am excessively fond of little people."

"Are you fond of your nieces?" Margaret went on.

"Yes, I am particularly fond of my nieces."

"And how old are they?"

"Oh, how old? Well, Olga is sixteen, and Louise is a year younger; and then there is a boy—"

"And what is the boy called?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, the boy is called Franz Josef."

"Franz Josef?" said Margaret; "that's the same name as the Emperor."

"The Emperor of Austria, yes," said von Dornberg, with a queer little smile.

"And the others?" said Margaret.

"Well, the others—there's Dagmar, and Dagmar's eleven, I think."

"Was it Dagmar that I reminded you of?"

"Yes, you remind me of her very much. Then there's another boy, Otto—he's about eight—and then there's a very tiny girl, oh, a little toddler—three, four, perhaps five—I almost forget."

"And her name?" went on Margaret. Margaret meant to have full details of his sister's family. "What's her name?"

"Her name is Alix," said he.

"They have remarkably good names," said Mrs. Winton, with the first little symptom of acidity which she had shown that day.

"Yes, I think they're pretty names," said von Dornberg carelessly.

"And what's your name, Mr. von Dornberg," asked Margaret.

"You're very rude, Margaret," said Mrs. Winton.

"I don't mean to be rude, mother; Mr. von Dornberg can ask me what my name is; I don't see why he should be ashamed of his."

"I'm not," said von Dornberg, laughing.

"Then what is your name?"

"It is Paul," he answered.

He turned furiously red as he spoke, and Mrs. Winton came to the perhaps not altogether unnatural conclusion that his answers

were simply a tissue of stories—that his own name was not von Dornberg—and that his Christian name was not Paul.

CHAPTER X.

I must confess that Phyllis Damer had an exceedingly unpleasant and uncomfortable time after that Sunday when she gave the Vicar of Dagleigh a piece of her mind as to his behavior to her. As a matter of fact, it was the most unwise thing that she could possibly have done, for Mr. Hawkesley presented her words with a bitterness that is only possible to a person of a mean nature. He did not, however, show his resentment openly towards Phyllis. No; he meant to win her; he believed that he could win her; and he deliberately and with much calculation made up what he called his mind that he would punish her for her uncomplimentary words when once he should have got her into his power.

Meantime his resentment showed itself in an increased haughtiness and disagreeableness of bearing, and in many a surreptitious kick to Miss Damer's favorite Frizze. He took an intense dislike to little Margaret also, and Mr. Hawkesley was a gentleman who when he took a dislike took a thorough one. He considered that Margaret had done him a very ill-turn, both by her artless prattle, which had completely given him away, and also by the great liking that she and von Dornberg had taken for each other. Von Dornberg thought she was a charming child, and never found his way from Harburch to The Manor without some trifle in his pocket for the child whom he called "my little friend." The older girls pretended that they were very jealous of Margaret, but they were not really so, for they had all very sweet and charming dispositions, and as a matter of fact they were really very proud that little Margaret should have attracted the big stranger, whom they looked upon as a very important person indeed.

Although von Dornberg came and went pretty much as he liked, and although Mrs. Winton had dropped her air of hostility and had become exceedingly friendly with him, Phyllis was more or less miserable. She knew that he liked her, of course—what girl does not know when a man likes her?—and she knew also that Florence, who was in truth exceedingly fond of music, had put aside her first objections solely on account of his musical gifts. And, as well as if it had already happened, Phyllis knew that if Mr. von Dornberg should ever go the length of asking her to marry him she would have to face the most violent opposition from her sister and probably from all her people. She was really very miserable at this time. Florence still worried her to death about the vicar, still laid little traps for her to meet him and refused to believe that she had a fixed intention of keeping him at arm's length. Neither Phyllis nor Mr. Hawkesley himself told her the details of that conversation at the wicket gate. She could not understand it, for she had looked back and she had seen him holding her sister's hand in what appeared to be a very lover-like attitude.

"I can't understand you, Phyl," she said one day to Phyllis; "you're very foolish—you don't give Mr. Hawkesley a chance of winning even your liking."

"My dear sister," said Phyllis quietly, "Mr. Hawkesley has given me too many chances of learning to dislike him. He's a very beautiful person, I have no doubt; Florence, but he is not for me."

"It's very hard upon him," murmured Mrs. Winton pityingly.

"Oh, no—he'll get over it," said Phyllis; "besides, I never gave him a right to think he could have me for the asking. That's the way with some men; they think they can pick out a woman and have her for the asking, and the woman is to get up and say 'Yes, if you please, and thank you.' That's not the way with me. I wouldn't thank you to marry Mr. Hawkesley. I wouldn't have him at a gift."

"Well," said Mrs. Winton with a sigh, "you're a silly girl, Phyl. Perhaps some day when it's too late you'll be sorry."

"Well, if I am, dear Florence, I'll never blame you," said Phyllis very seriously.

"What are you going to do to-day?"

"Oh, to-day—well nothing; the Erringtons are coming over for a little tennis."

"Oh, are they—anyone else?"

"Mr. von Dornberg, of course."

"H'm—anyone else?"

"And a couple of men from the Fort; I asked them yesterday, when I was in Harburch."

"Oh, yes! It will be very nice. Is anything on for to-morrow?"

"To-morrow? Well, I am afraid I promised that I would go to the Balmaynes' tennis."

"Oh, I see; then you won't want me for anything at present, Florence?"

"No dear," very sweetly; "no dear, not at present."

It had been a matter of some surprise to Phyllis to notice that her sister had day by day got more intimate with von Dornberg. She seemed to have forgotten all the opprobrious things that she had lavished upon him during the first few days of their acquaintance. She seemed to have forgotten that she had spoken of him as a corresponding clerk in some city house, with quite the same sort of tone of voice in which she might have said that he was a convict. She had completely turned the tables on herself by assigning to him the position of her special cavalier on all occasions when it was possible. She made herself exceedingly agreeable to him; she sat by the piano listening to him play; she even went so far as to sing to him—and, what was considerably more to the point, von Dornberg even went so far as to listen. Phyllis was not quite sure whether her sister was attracted by von Dornberg, or whether she was deliberately playing a part whereby, by appropriating his company to herself, she was enabled to throw her sister more completely into the way of the Vicar of Dagleigh.

That afternoon the Erringtons, who were the family of the Commandant of the little garrison of Harburch, arrived at the Manor armed cap-a-pie for tennis. Three not very fully-fledged young men from the Fort followed soon after, and last of all came Mr. von Dornberg, who was wearing his ordinary clothes, and carried his shoes slung from the racket over his shoulder.

"Madame," he said to Mrs. Winton, "I am not properly dressed for your tennis party, but

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to be very candid with you, delightful and charming as Harburch is, I find its laundresses are a little behind the times. I have been wearing flannels on board ship and I sent them to wash."

"Not in Harburch?" said Mrs. Winton in a tone of horror.

"Yes—and my tailor will reap the benefit. I am not a person who minds appearances much,

but flannels six inches too short are beyond me."

"Oh, well, never mind," said Mrs. Winton graciously, "I'm sure you look very nice as you are."

The want of flannels, however, did not affect Mr. von Dornberg's play. He seemed to put the balls just where and how he chose, and the vicar, who was himself an exceedingly good player, was profoundly disgusted with what he was pleased to call his want of form.

"It's always the way with those fellows," he confided to Miss Errington, who was playing with him against von Dornberg and Phyllis.

"Why—how do you mean? I think he plays splendidly," replied Miss Errington promptly.

"Oh, yes, but these city fellows have to do everything so very splendidly to get any footing at all; they always play chess better than

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anybody else, and everything they do they must do well," said he.

"Oh, well, I think it's all the better; I can't bear people who don't do things well," said Miss Errington, who was like Phyllis, and detested the Vicar of Dagleigh. "By the bye, Mr. Hawkesley, who is Mr. von Dornberg?"

"That is a question which I believe nobody but Mr. von Dornberg himself could answer," said the vicar sententiously. "The Wintons, who are otherwise sensible, reasonable sort of people, seem to have gone perfectly mad about this fellow. He's a corresponding clerk in a city house."

"Lor!" said Miss Errington in surprise. "I wonder if there are many such young men walking about London?"

"Oh, thousands of them," said the vicar, in a superb tone—the tone which does belong to the best country families.

"I think," said Miss Errington, "that I should like to go and live in Germany, where I suppose they are all that sort of thing."

"Oh, you wouldn't, you wouldn't like to live over there," said the vicar in a disgusted tone.

"I don't know," said the girl; "why not?" She was very smart and very pretty, and she liked fine-looking men as only a smart and pretty girl can. "I think you're a bit prejudiced against Mr. von Dornberg; he seems to me a very delightful person. He came in to tea with us yesterday."

"Oh, of course," said the vicar, "of course; he's quite the lion in Harbrough."

"Oh, quite," said Miss Errington simply; "can you wonder at it, with such an awful lack of big men as Harbrough has?"

"You don't call this fellow a big man?"

"Well, I don't call you small," said Miss Errington, "and he's half a head taller than you are."

"Oh, you mean in the way of inches; surely you don't ask a man to the house because he's so many inches high, do you?"

"Well, I don't know," said the girl, "it's a good deal to do with it. I know my father was delighted with him, and he's asked him to dinner."

"Well, I don't like the fellow," said the vicar. "I—I can't bear the fellow; it makes me sick to see all you people fussing around him."

"You haven't seen me fussing around him, Mr. Hawkesley," said Miss Errington, with dignity, "or around anybody else, and nobody's fussing around him at this moment. In fact, I should think that the gentleman himself would be very indignant if anybody did fuss around him just now, for he looks perfectly happy and contented where he is."

"That was perfectly true. Von Dornberg did look contented and happy. He was sitting in a big basket-chair very near to Phyllis, and they were both eating strawberries with the glees of a pair of children."

"By the bye, Miss Phyllis," he said, looking more gravely at her, "I am going to London to-night."

"Going to London!" echoed Phyllis.

"Yes, I am sorry to go, but I've been sent for; that's the worst of being—not quite one's own master. I shall be away some little time."

"But you will come back?" said Phyllis, almost involuntarily.

He turned and looked at her. It was an honest face, and the eyes were straight and true as a child's.

"Yes," he said, "I shall come back again as soon as I can get a few days' leave, and when I do, shall I be quite sure of my welcome?"

Phyllis ceased eating strawberries because she did not like to let him see how her fingers were trembling. A slow, vivid blush spread over her charming face, and as slowly faded.

"I won't answer for the rest of the family, Mr. von Dornberg," she said, "but I can answer for one."

After Mr. von Dornberg had left the neighborhood life seemed to go on but a very flat and blank sort of manner. It was astonishing how everybody missed him. Mrs. Winton was loud in her regrets, and the children spoke of him from time to time with the wealth of affection which only children can allow themselves to show. Even Mr. Hawkesley forgot to give more than about one sneer a day to the memory of "that organ-grinder fellow."

Only Phyllis said nothing, but in truth she thought about him more often and more kindly than did all the others put together. She wondered whether he really would come back again. Then she blamed herself for having a doubt upon the subject. She regarded everybody with eyes that judged only by the standard of his person and manners. And where before she had treated Mr. Hawkesley with a certain amount of disdainful tolerance, she now felt an active detestation and dislike.

At the end of a week came a letter for Margaret—a letter and a little parcel. It was written from a London club.

"MY LITTLE FRIEND,—I trust that Madame, your charming mother, will not be offended at my venturing to send you a little souvenir of my friendship. I am just sending off a similar token to my little niece, Dagmar, of whom I have told you, and I hope you will both be pleased with them. How are the guinea pigs, and are you all well and still playing tennis among the roses of your delightful country house? I, alas, am literally frizzling in London. I am very busy, and I shall be kept in town for some weeks, but I hope in September or October to return to my quarters at Harbrough, and avail myself of your father's kind invitation to try my luck in his covert. Give my kind remembrances and compliments to your charming mother, and also to Miss Phyllis; tell her to be very careful when she is driving the Firefly again. I wish you would write to me sometimes, my little friend; your letters would remind me of my delightful sojourn among the crisp sea breezes, and of the kind and generous hospitality which was shown to me by your parents."

"Always sincerely yours,"

"PAUL DORNBERG."

Accompanying this was an exceedingly pretty gold bangle, with the name "Margaret" made of a twisted open-work arrangement, all one with the bangle itself. There was nothing to break; there was nothing to spoil; it slipped easily over the hand and was indeed a charming and appropriate present for a little maid of ten years old. Margaret was frantic with delight over it.

"I call it exceedingly attentive and courteous of von Dornberg," said Gerald Winton, when he had looked at it sufficiently to satisfy Margaret.

"Oh, exceedingly," said Mrs. Winton cordially. "I didn't expect anything of the kind,

and Margaret was always his favorite—most kind I consider it. Margaret, you must do as he wishes; you must write to him. I hope he will come back in September or October."

But September came and went, and no von Dornberg made his appearance. Margaret wrote to him several times, helped, if the truth be told, in her compositions by Phyllis, but von Dornberg did not come.

First he wrote that he had to go abroad, and might be away some weeks—that if time had allowed he would have gone by the East Coast route; but time did not allow of this, and they heard nothing more. Then after some week he wrote again to Margaret from Berlin, saying:

"I saw my little niece, Dagmar, last night. She is growing an immense girl, and was wearing her bangle. I wonder if my little friend is still wearing hers? Pray write to me here all the news of my friends at Dagleigh. How is Miss Phyllis?"

When next he wrote to Margaret, which was close upon Christmas-time, he was still in Berlin.

"Pray don't think, my little friend, that I have forgotten you, or that I have ever ceased to regret my inability to come and try my luck in your father's covert. I am detained here on business which is too important to abandon. First, I had work connected with my London affairs, and then my father died suddenly, and, as I am his eldest son, it was necessary that I should remain here and see everything put square. I have to-day ordered you a souvenir of Christmas, and I so much regret that I cannot bring it instead of sending it. I might have got away for a few days, but I am not feeling well enough to undertake the journey; I have got a chill, or something equally disagreeable, and my doctor won't hear of my traveling."

A few days later came the present of which he had spoken—a little gold chain with a locket attached, and the word "Gretchen" written in gold across the blue enameled surface. A mere scrawl accompanied it.

"I send you this with my best wishes for Christmas, little friend, and must, please excuse me more—I believe I am going to be very ill. My best wishes to all your family."

Then for six weeks, although Margaret wrote three times, there was dead silence. Meantime Phyllis had to exist with what patience she could. She lived on those few simple letters to the child. If the others in the house had been quiet about him she would have borne her anxiety more patiently; but Mrs. Winton discussed each letter and talked it over, and viewed it from this point, and that, until Phyllis was almost beside herself with nervousness. But there was no news from Berlin. January came and went, and February still dyke crept tearfully in.

(To be Continued.)

Are Canadians But Half-Civilized?

According to the Gloucestershire Echo a Cheltenham youth who came to Canada two or three years ago to make his fortune, has written home to his friends in England from "a hotel in Toronto" scoring this country pretty severely, and warning young Englishmen to keep away from Canada, from which country he will escape as soon as he can. Apparently the youth came out here as a farm pupil and slaved in the North-West somewhere. Every honest Canadian is aware that this farm pupil business has injured the Dominion greatly, and will do anything in reason to educate England to the knowledge that this traffic is dishonest and that the pupils are dupes nearly always. But sometimes these young men will write letters home which, when published, clearly indicate that they judge all Canada by the farms where they slaved, and all Canadians by the sharpers who induced them to cross the pond by making all sorts of glittering false promises. But the Cheltenham youth has not only fallen into these errors; he has done worse. In his letter he says he is staying at a "middle class" hotel, and he finds fault with the habits of the other guests:

"Like myself, many of them are out of work, and some of them out of pocket, out of sorts, and out at elbow. There is a striking freedom in the manner of taking meals here, and I notice that everyone eats with almost alarming despatch. One man, with a grizzly countenance and a general appearance of being ready to burst, who always sits opposite me, disposes of each meal in slightly under three minutes, consuming in that space of time a surprising quantity of food, and contriving also, during the same period, to give an interesting exhibition of spitting. He frequently emits half a mouthful at a time, which is a trifling discomposing to anyone unaccustomed to such peculiarities. Another gentleman disdains to use such artificial implements as a knife and fork, and tackles his food with his fingers with singular dexterity. There are a few fellows here who have an unfortunate habit of appearing at the dinner-table in a state of partial intoxication, and by supper time it has developed to complete intoxication. Their mental condition at breakfast-time, I may say, is usually somewhat hazy and uncertain. In short, you find a decidedly "mixed" lot in the majority of the hotels here."

Really, the young man need not have so completely confessed the reduced state of his finances. Toronto people will not readily recognize, from the above description, any "middle-class" hotel in which the table etiquette permits "gentlemen" to eat with their fingers. The class of hotel in which "gentlemen" while eating their meals, give spitting exhibitions is not locally recognized as a "middle-class." Such gentlemen seek out very cheap houses, where the companionship of kindred guests will not provoke remark upon their peculiarities. One could almost name with absolute certainty the street upon which stands the "hotel" at which this unfortunate young Englishman is (or was) stranded without work.

The regrettable side, so far as Canada is concerned, of any such case as this, is that the Cheltenham youth will in course of time drift back to England, and describe our farm-life as he saw it on the stony acres of some poverty-stricken accomplice of the sharper who brought him out to "learn farming," and he will describe Toronto and the habits of the Canadian people by what he saw of us in a rank "hotel," surrounded by the class of people who haunt such places. When he gets home he will set up as an authority upon Canada, its people and its affairs. His remarks upon how we eat with our fingers and expectorate between our bites of toast, will probably counteract all the good effects of Rev. Mr. Benson's lectures and sacred emigration sermons in England last year, and the \$1,100 paid the Ottawa divine will be wasted after all. It's hard, that's what it is!

Books and Authors.



THE CHARLATAN, a novel by Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray, is really the well known drama of the same name converted into fiction. Those who have been so fortunate as to have seen the play, will be very anxious to read the novel. It is published by F. Tennyson Neely of New York (Toronto News Co.), and the publisher prefaces

it with a note explaining that the novel "is not an attack upon theosophy nor a satire against hypnotism." He further adds that "impostors are found in all religions and professions." I am not going to outline the story any further than to say that it treats of a man and a woman who taught theosophy, but who were impostors, giving seances, or causing spiritualistic manifestations by trickery. The man reformed, admitted himself a charlatan, and in the last chapter went down with a sinking ship, his arms calmly folded. He had hypnotic power. What I claim is that theosophy does not go in for calling up visible spiritual presences for purposes of entertainment, and that Woodville was manifestly a fraud in pretending to be a Mahatma. There is no love lost between the Spiritualists and the Theosophists, and the Theosophy which I have heard expounded in Toronto does not match very well with that of The Charlatan. This very appropriate quotation from Shakespeare's Henry IV. appears on the title page:

Glendower—I can call spirits from the vasty deep!
Hotspur—Why, so can I, and so can any man,
But will they come when you do call for them?

Mr. Reginald Gourlay of Hamilton is the latest Canadian to find his way into the best American magazines. He has had different poems and stories published of late—one in the Century.

Mr. Gilbert Parker passed through Toronto last week. He informed a reporter that in his forthcoming book Pierre dies. Possibly Mr. Parker is in Canada seeking another French half-breed for use in future stories.

The press of Chicago and other Western cities of the neighboring Republic is at present engaged in a spontaneous and whole-hearted effort to write the name of the late Eugene Field upon the scroll of the immortals. No language is too fervent, no comparison too strained for a Western editor as he writes of the poetry of the late Chicago journalist. It is, without reservation, claimed by many of these editors that he was the greatest poet America has produced. The estimate of Mr. Field that was expressed by Hon. Joseph Medill, whilst the late poet lay under for burial, is being widely quoted. "He was a genius. Such a genius as was Shakespeare," said the speaker. "The great dramatist wrote for adults; the deceased wrote for children. Field completed the work Shakespeare had begun." One cannot avoid a desire to hear Hon. Joseph Medill express himself at greater length upon literary topics. Away from the scene of mourning and outside the circle of personal grief, his linking of the names of Shakespeare and Eugene Field will be taken as evidence of hysteria caused by shock at the sudden death of Chicago's only and idolized literary man. Perhaps no writer of verse has produced so abundantly and maintained so passable a quality as did Mr. Field when he daily produced his column for the Chicago Record, which his talents so greatly popularized. That a man can be at one and the same time a daily newspaper man and a writer of literature has, however, scarcely been proven even by Mr. Field. It is like a sudden plunge into ice-water to turn from the Chicago press to the columns of the Critic, where, in a formal notice, Mr. Field is referred to as a "minor poet." The New York Tribune says that some thought his newspaper work was beneath his genius. "As a matter of fact," it adds, "it is not plain that Field had genius." Do you hear that, Mr. Medill? "Impartially regarded," says the Tribune, "Field remains the unprofessional writer, the man who could write a pretty lullaby for his child and yet never convince the critic that he belonged to literature."

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There is a dealer in men's shoes who has, sticking out of each pair of shoes in the window of his store, three new one-dollar bills. An accompanying announcement reads: "Three of a kind take a pair." A young man undertook to beat the game the other day. "You sell shoes according to the rules of poker, don't you?" he enquired.

"We do," replied the clerk.

"Well, I wear size nine; wrap me up two pairs of them."

He received the shoes and handed over three dollars.

"Excuse me," said the clerk, "but those shoes come to six dollars."

"That's all right," replied the young man, "three of a kind beat two pair."

"I know that," said the clerk, "but they don't beat four nines."

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St. James' Gazette.

Italy was once the land of song, but Australia means to cut her out. It is reported from Melbourne that a Sydney professor has invented an artificial larynx for a man who had lost his voice. "The invention is a singular success. The changing of certain reeds contained in the instrument makes the voice soprano, tenor, contralto, or bass, at will." This opens a vista of a most sonorous future. Natural voices will soon be at a discount, and we shall be flooded with mechanical tenors and

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26	14.50	47	26.60
27	14.70	48	27.55
28	14.95	49	28.55
29	15.20	50	29.60
30	15.50	51	30.75
31	15.80	52	32.10
32	16.15	53	33.70
33	16.55	54	35.50
34	16.95	55	37.30
35	17.45	56	39.20
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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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Our Christmas Number.



WILLIAM BURNSIDE CAMERON, First Prize Story.

It will interest our readers to know that SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS will be placed on sale about December 1. We think it will be at once admitted that we have made some progress in our endeavors to build up a Christmas paper here in Canada that may, without apology, be sent to friends in England, or Paris, or anywhere else. We have come nearer to our ideal this year than ever before—for our stories are in greater variety and the Number altogether is more national and yet more attractive than any of its predecessors. Five pictorial supplements go with this year's Number, and we desire to say a few words about the chief one of these, for it is the most important undertaking of the kind ever made in connection with a Canadian publication. In saying this we have in mind all our past premiums and all those issued by other publishing houses. The title of this picture is *Champlain the Explorer*, and it represents him accompanied by a few whites and a large number of Indians in a flotilla of war canoes, entering the mouth of one of the rivers on Lake Huron. This picture was painted specially for SATURDAY NIGHT by Mr. Kelly, the water colorist of Toronto, and is so well reproduced by the Toronto Lithographing Co. that the colors lose none of their softness and the original is greatly admired, and its value attested by our most prominent educators, to whom it has been referred for criticism. The Historical Association at its last annual meeting endorsed it also. The other pictures are delightful bits of color.

Great interest centers in the story competition, for writers in every province in the Dominion submitted manuscripts. Thumb nail portraits of the winners accompany this article. The first prize goes to Mr. William



JOHN MCCRAE, Third Prize Story.

Toronto, now Government engineer near Lake Athabasca, gets second prize for his story, *Boh Shwey's Ruby*, which is a tale of native adventure in Burma, illustrated from photographs. A Matter of Necessity, a sea story by Mr. John McCrae of Guelph, is awarded third prize, and is illustrated by Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A. Mr. J. C. Innes secures fourth prize with a humorous story of Western life called *Widow Molony*, and capably illustrated by the author. These are all spirited stories, and chief interest will center in them because they are the result of the competition, but the other contents are as follows:

Jim Lucey's Pass, by E. E. Sheppard. Illustrated by G. A. Reid, R.C.A.

Nanton's Sister, by Alice Ashworth. Illustrated.

Reveries of Strathgibbon, by Joe Clark. Illustrations by Carl Ahrens, A.R.C.A., and Basil Sullivan.

S. Long, as sketched by Dan. Life of Champlain, by George Stewart, M.A., D.C.L.

Hawley's Dream (poem), by Alexander M. Leoban.

The Love of the World Detected (poem), by William Cowper. Illustrations by J. W. Brangwyn.

As a Little Child (poem), by Evelyn Darand.

A Song (poem), by G. M. Bartlett.

It will be observed that we have secured some of the best Canadian artists to illustrate the various contents of the book, so that it will not only be representative of what can be produced in this country in the way of stories and poems, but also of what our best known painters can do as illustrators. Our Christmas Number is steadily acquiring national recognition, and to merit this we are doing what money and energy can do.

The Drama.

THE leading theaters are not this week making a very strong bid for popular attention. Irish drama of the usual kind—of the very usual kind, I may say—is the attraction at the Grand. Mr. J. Connor Roach appearing in the title role in *Rory of the Hill*. Neither the play nor the player is familiar to Toronto theater-goers, so that the piece has all the charm of novelty, if it be not ridiculous to speak of novelty in connection with Irish melodrama. Mr. Roach is a stalwart chap, with a good stage presence, a splendid brogue, and a pair of ample legs. As an Irish peasant, he is characterized principally by an amazing but highly proper affection for an uninteresting old female, who is constantly lamenting something that either has or has not happened

to "me only che-ild," and whom he believes to be his mother, but who of course is not. Evidently there is an amount of uncertainty among Irish peasantry as to the identity of its mother, which is much to be deplored. There is also a squire and a handsome stranger, both villains, and at no pains to conceal the fact. There is, moreover, the squire's daughter, shockingly made up, who has fixed her heart's affections upon Rory, but is threatened with the hands of some stranger aforesaid instead. In fact, none of the old familiar *dramatis personae* are missing, and the story is in point of interest quite up to what we have been educated to believe is the correct thing in Irish drama. There is a strong resemblance to our late visitor, The Wicklow Postman, about the play, especially in the jail scene; but then, there never was an Irish play yet, excepting possibly the first, that did not remind one of its predecessors in that much trodden road.

Possibly on further presentation some of the defects that were apparent in the stage management will disappear, but one or two things, notably the demolition of the peasants' cabins, were wretchedly done; the "supers" moved about like automata and the actors when "off" were still very much *en evidence*, from the side seats at least. These, however, are matters that can easily be remedied, and when this is done the general effect will be greatly improved. *Rory of the Hill* is a good wholesome show, introducing some good songs and dancing, and interesting enough to repay a visit from those who like this style of play.

The story of the vicissitudes of the hero of Sam'l of Posen is too well known to *habitués* of the theater to make a very extended reference to it necessary. It does not largely differ in general outline from many other plays of the same class, and, though there is some originality of detail, the plot is by no means a strong one, though relieved by some interesting situations. The leading parts are taken by Mr. F. W. Curtis and Miss Julia Stuart, who made our acquaintance when *A Doll's House* was presented at the Princess very recently. Mr. Curtis made a success of the character of Sam'l, and utilized every opportunity to bring out all the good there is in it, and Miss Stuart's interpretation of the somewhat trying part of Celeste, the Frenchwoman, was very satisfactory; she proved to be quite a favorite in Toronto. The supporting company is good, the play runs smoothly and without interruption, and the actors are liberally applauded. The audience which greeted the opening presentation on Monday night was large, and evidently kindly disposed towards the players. Sam'l of Posen was billed for half the week only, and gave place on Thursday to *Lost—24 Hours*, with Robert Hilliard in the leading role.

I wonder if there are any boys now such as there used to be—when we were boys, let us say? How we used to read Jack Harkaway out loud in groups of four or five and discuss the adventures into which he fell, expressing our wishes that we could have appeared suddenly at his elbow to draw our swords and give him aid. But Jack always came out safely, and we admired him the more for not needing our aid, although we envied him his glory. I fear that boys are not what boys used to be—although grown-up people have been saying this for five thousand years or more. Mr. Jacobs has done a big thing in getting Jack Harkaway staged, and those of us who years ago read the books with putty knives and other weapons stuck in baseball belts around our waists, have all renewed our youth at the Toronto Opera House this week. We have seen our hero in the flesh. The novels compress very well into the form of a dashing play, and I think the patrons of the popular house have found it greatly to their liking. Mr. Jacobs generally handles money-makers.

There are greater tragedies in these commonplace, everyday lives of ours than ever were enacted to slow music behind the dim glow of the footlights; these are tragedies that have never seen the light of day, whose existence we scarce dare acknowledge even to ourselves—loves that we have met, and fought, and conquered and beaten back into the most recesses of our hearts, and fastened there with many a prudish bolt and bar, until we think ourselves masters of ourselves. Yet, at times, memory takes us by the hand and leads us to the door of the cell and bids us open it; and we warm ourselves with the fierce blaze of passion that has not died, but is slumbering, and we are strangely comforted; until at length we remember that we have forgotten. Then we cover the fire and turn down the lights and lock the door again, for that is a battle not to be fought too long, a tragedy not to be played too often. Life, to most of us, is a nobler story than it seems, and from the stage at its best we hear but the faint echo of the struggle between right and wrong which has every human heart for a battle-ground, and which is fierce just in proportion to the strength of the character assailed, and long according to the stubbornness of the resistance offered. Some day someone will write that story for us; and set it to music and embellish it with stage effects, and we shall go and see it and wonder who tore our secret out. The critics will howl at it in derision as monstrously overdrawn, improbable and unreal; but a quieter voice, whose truth we know, will tell us differently. I should like to hear that story from a stranger, but from my heart I pity the man who can write it as it should be written.

Miss Nellie Ganthony's concert, assisted by strong musical talent, on Monday evening, showed this clever lady at her best. Her American experience as an entertainer has been, for some reason, not very successful. I do not know of anyone superior to her in her line.

The Princess Theater will play another of its trump cards next week, when Gladys Wallis will make her initial bow to Canada in a superb production of Clay M. Greene's dramatization of George Sands' familiar novel, *La Petite Fardette*, called *The Cricket*. Miss Wallis is under the personal management of Mr. John W. Dunne, who is now in the city and will see to it that the performance here will be given in

the same elaborate manner that characterized its renditions in all the principal cities of the United States. Although comparatively unknown to the majority of Toronto play-goers, Miss Wallis holds a position in the theatrical profession that was once occupied by Lotta, Maggie Mitchell, Annie Pixley and Mr. Dunne's late wife, Patti Ross. Of Miss Wallis and The Cricket, unstinted praise comes from all



Gladys Wallis.

quarters. She is admired everywhere and is one of the most winsome and sweet of those who are the recognized stage beauties of the day. The Cricket will be well staged I believe, and Miss Wallis has good support.

Of Cazman's Royal European Vaudeville Company, which begins a week's engagement at the Toronto Opera House on Monday, the *Buffalo Courier* of last Tuesday says: "It is a great show, by first-class people, each one of whom is strictly a star performer, must have been the judgment of all who witnessed the initial entertainment by Cazman's Royal European Vaudeville. Certainly nothing of greater merit has ever been seen at this place of amusement, despite the fact that there have been a number of exceptionally strong attractions. There is a finish, a brilliancy, and a general pleasure-giving quality in every part of the performance that is noticed in very few shows of the kind. It will be surprising indeed if 'standing room only' is not the rule before the expiration of the week. Henri Cazman is indeed a master fantasist, and his specialty is polished, clean-cut and effective. Then there is Mam'zelle Flossie Cazman, with youth and beauty, and an otherwise most charming personality, whose movements are marked by exquisite grace and ease of execution. In the organization of his company Mr. Cazman has shown commendable managerial wisdom and unselfishness by not seeking to make himself and daughter 'the whole thing.' He has surrounded himself with talented people, notably the Manhattan quartette, with fine harmonious and side-splitting comedy; Smith and Campbell, whose colloquial humor leaves one aching for laughter; George Kaine, the clever Dutch comedian; Newton, the ventriloquist, whose act is in some respects quite new; the Tivoli dancing girls, who are pupils of Mr. Cazman; Tina Corri, an English male impersonator, and Fisher and Crowell, whose amusing sketch satisfactorily paves the way for the other features."

Ald. Shaw, Hallam and about a dozen other members of the City Council occupied boxes at the Grand on Monday night as the guests of the manager, Ald. O. B. Sheppard.

Robert Hilliard is clever and should play to good business at the Princess this afternoon and to-night.

Speaking of stage beauties, I incline to the idea that Maxine Elliot, who appeared at the Princess last week in the *Rohan* company, is one of the prettiest.

The London critic, Clement Scott, and Mrs. Kendal have been at loggerheads for many years. Scott's version of the cause of their enmity is interesting. "It was years ago," he says, "when the Kendals were on a provincial tour. I had gone behind the scenes to see one of the actors, and by accident I walked right into Mrs. Kendal's room. That good lady was about to begin her toilet. She shrieked, 'Go away! Go away!' I turned, shut my eyes

tight, bowed, and said: 'Madam, I need no persuasion.' And to this day I have never been able to tell which she resented the more—my intrusion or my remark."

We are to have Callahan in *Faust* at the Grand all next week. We should be well up in Goethe's great poem soon, with Irving, Griffiths, Morrison and Callahan expounding it to us. But its power to attract never flags.

Louis James tells this story about Lewis Morrison's humor: "At one time during a fearfully hot summer in Kansas City, I was obliged to pass every day a certain shop. In the window prominently placed was a photograph of Lewis Morrison in furs. This at first annoyed, afterward aggravated, and finally exasperated me to such a degree that I went into the store and told the proprietor that if he would let me have that photograph I would get him a new one. He was willing, and I took the picture, mailed it to Morrison with the request that he send the man a summer photograph in its place. A few days later I passed the shop and there was a new picture of Morrison—as *Me-phisto*!"

The daily press Tuesday morning fell into the error of thinking that Mr. Curtis, playing at the Princess, was the original Sam'l of Posen. M. B. Curtis shot a policeman in California and is still tangled up in making explanations. This Mr. Curtis is his brother.

Charlotte Cushman was once filling an engagement at the opera-house in Belmont. A man in the gallery created such a disturbance that it seriously impeded the progress of the play, and finally brought it to a stand-still. Immediately the audience, furious with anger, cried: "Throw him over! Throw him over!" Miss Cushman stepped to the edge of the footlights, and in a sweet and gentle voice, exclaimed: "No, I beg of you, dear friends, don't throw him over. Kill him where he is!" This story has been told of a good many other actresses beside Charlotte Cushman. But we will let it go at that.

A Prince of Entertainers.

An Entertainer of Princes.

That excellent entertainer and fun-maker, Marshall P. Wilder, who is to appear at the Pavilion next Monday evening, comes direct from New York city to fill a week's engagements *en route*. Mr. Wilder is one of the most prominent



figures in America to-day. He is as chaste in his anecdotes as Charles Lamb was in his essays, and he is as droll beyond comparison. He is the most confirmed and persistent optimist in public life to-day, making the best of everything, thinking the best of everybody, and believing with all his heart and soul in the hopeful idea that is something good in every human being and an universal preponderance of good in the great human family. Success has been Mr. Wilder's portion in no uncommon degree, for now, at the age of thirty-six, after ten years' work as an entertainer, he has achieved pre-eminence in his profession, and has laid by a store that makes him independent. He first appeared for fifty cents a night, and not long since Baron Rothschild paid him fifty pounds for an evening's work. Among those who have employed Mr. Wilder in England are the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and several of the Royal family. Last summer Sir Henry Irving gave a dinner in his honor. Mr. Wilder will be assisted on Monday evening by Miss Lilli Kleiser, soprano, and an efficient orchestra. The plan of seats is at Nordheimer's and indicates a bumper house for this celebrated society entertainer.

"What makes your husband so sober to-night?" said Mrs. K. Kuff, who was trying to make herself agreeable, to Mrs. Cumso. "My husband, madam," replied Mrs. Cumso severely, "doesn't drink."—*Judge*.

Costs Nothing.



Scaggs—Well, this is a time of the year when old Alcester can be generous. Bragg—How's that? Scaggs—Oh, he don't mind giving thanks.

(Copyrighted.)



To a Photo.

For Saturday Night.

A maiden fair, beyond compare,
With tresses brown—yes, gold brown hair;
A face like morning's, fresh and fair—
Ah! lovely girl!

Those eyes of blue—they must be blue!
A heart that beats I never true,
A form divine, fair maid, have you—
My soul's awestruck!

You grace me with a smile so sweet;
To know you would be joy complete,
And yet I fear we ne'er shall meet—
Sad, sad regrets!

Life's full of cruel blows, alas!
I love you, but I'd put you back
Just where I found you, in a pack
Of cigarettes.

GEO. V. HOBART.

The Duke and the Drunken Tinker.

The Taming of the Shrew is *clown* staged in an incomparable form, but Augustin Daly's company at the Princess Theater last Friday and Saturday adhered to the Shakespearean form with artistic fidelity. The induction to the play shows the drunk played upon a drunken tinker. In an old book in the editor's possession is printed an ancient ballad which some claim was composed and sung before Shakespeare's time, and furnished him with the tale of the tinker which he incorporated into *The Taming of the Shrew*. Others contend that the ballad, which we reproduce below, was written at a later date, and that the great dramatist and the unknown author of the ballad drew their inspiration from the common source of tradition. In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621), the story is related in prose, and the duke who played the prank is said to have been Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, during the festivities following the marriage of Eleanor, sister of the King of Portugal, at Bruges, in Flanders. The weather was unseasonable and Philip could "neither hawk nor hunt, and was tired of dice and cards and other domestic sports."

THE PROLOGUE DUMB, OR THE TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.
Now as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with rollicksome sport;
But among all the rest, here is one, I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest.
A poor tinker he found lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in a sleep as if laid in a wound.

The duke said to his men, William, Richard and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then.
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon conveyed
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrayed.
Then they stripped off his clothes, both his shirt, shoes and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pulled off his shirt, which was all over dirt,
They did give him clean holland, which was no great merit;
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber both gay and gay.

Now he lay something late in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires till on him did wait;
And the chamberlain bare then did likewise declare,
He desired to know what apparel he'd wear;
The poor tinker, amazed, on the gentleman gasped,
And admitted how he to "His Honor" was raised.

From a convenient place the right duke his good grace,
Did observe his behavior in every case.
To a garden of state on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him; thought he, this is great!
Where an hour or two pleasant walks he did view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and blue.

A fine dinner was dressed, both for him and his guests,
He was placed at the table above all the rest.
In a rich chair of red, lined with fine crimson red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he sat at his meat, the music played sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to complete.

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary and cherry and stout supreme;
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roll
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again.
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carried him straight where they found him at first;

Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might,
But when he did wake his joys took their flight.
For his glory to him so pleasant did seem
That he thought it to be but a mere golden dream;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon, as fearing he'd set him at naught!

But his highness he said, 'tho' it's a jolly old blade,
Such a frolic before I think never was played.

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of his rollicksome joke;
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of ground;
Till shall never, shall range the counties round;
O'ring old brass to mind, for I'd be thy good friend,
Nay, and Jan, thy sweet wife, shall my ducal attend.

Then the tinker replied: What, must Joan, my sweet bride,
Be a lady in chariot of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land every day at command?
Then I shall be aquire, I well understand;
Well, I thank your good grace, and your love I embrace;
I was never before in so happy a case.

Lotty Leftover (cooly)—I have only seen twenty summers, Sally Syldig—Is that so? Why don't you consult an oculist?—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Dillon—Nice umbrella, that. What did it cost you? Dacey—Six dollars. What did yours cost? Dillon—Oh, just a little effort.—*Rockbury Gazette*.

Jeweler—An engagement ring? Certainly! Here is a five-hundred-dollar one. Customer—What is the price of it?—*Puck*.

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An Ideal Winter Trip.

The Mediterranean—Spain, Morocco, the Riviera, Italy, Egypt and Palestine—How to Reach Them.

A vacation in midwinter has become almost as much a habit to a great number of Canadians as a summer outing to people further south. There was a time, not so very long ago, when only invalids were to be seen at so-called winter resorts; to-day the well, who go for rest and pleasure, are taking their summer holidays during the winter and spending their summers at home.

We are learning to get more pleasure out of life than our great-grandfathers knew about. We have more opportunity and more money. We work hard when we work, and we rest thoroughly when we rest; and of all the ways of resting, travel, with the relaxation that comes to the tired brain through change of scene, brings most delight.

Where shall we go this winter?

When you think of it, there is much that is stupid in the life at the great American hotels. We may rest our bodies in the big piazza chairs, but our minds are seldom refreshed. We eat enormous meals; we drive, and see the local sights. If we are young we dance in the evening; if we are older we play whist, or gossip. By and by we go home—better for the outing, but without having done anything or seen anything worth an afterthought.

To those who have tried this and are tired of it, and to those who have not tried it but are thinking of running away somewhere for a few weeks this winter, we have a suggestion to offer: Why not try Spain?

"Oh, but that is going to Europe," you say at once. "We cannot go to Europe for our short winter vacation; some time, of course, when we go abroad for a year, we shall see Spain; now we must be content with Old Point Comfort, or Alken, or St. Augustine."

Does it take long to go there? Eight days in a splendid steamer, with all the comforts of the best hotels—eight days of blue water and sweet air, on a southern passage, escaping the storms and winds and fog of the North Atlantic—eight days of happiness and rest, and your ship drops anchor under the shadow of the mighty Rock of Gibraltar, and you are in a new world.

"Eight days" may seem like more time than the misleading "five days and fifteen hours" of the record-breakers, but the actual voyage to England is not much shorter than the trip to Gibraltar; for "five days and fifteen hours" is only the time from Sandy Hook to Brown Head, and Brown Head is at the corner of Ireland, and a day and a night from Liverpool; and Liverpool is only a place to get away from as soon as possible. So that one may add a day or two at least to the six days of the actual "record."

If one is obliged to go to England, and then down by steamer through the tossing Bay of Biscay (of unhallowed memory), or by rail through the length of Europe, the journey to Southern Spain is a serious matter; but since the North German Lloyd Steamship Company has put on a line of ships between New York and Gibraltar and Italy, southern Europe and northern Africa have been made as accessible as Paris and London, and far more agreeable to reach in winter.

Leaving New York on Saturday the North German Lloyd steamer will drop anchor at Gibraltar, or "Gib," as they call it there, on Sunday night or Monday morning of the following week. Even in midwinter the voyage is comparatively warm, and often the passengers spend all their time on deck without overcoats or wraps. The managers of the line do not insure against storms, but the chances are favorable to good weather. The ships are large, well built and well manned, and the saloon is in the best possible place for comfort. Everything is done on this line to make the passengers happy. Awnings are left up all the time; the decks are lit with electric lamps, and enclosed in the evening whenever necessary. The cooking is excellent, and the stewards are attentive to every want of the passenger. The galleys and kitchens are on the main deck, with the pantries immediately beneath them, connected by elevators, and kitchen odors are successfully kept from the saloon and staterooms. All the officers in the employ of the company must pass two rigorous nautical examinations before they can obtain a position, and devotion to duty is rewarded by a well regulated system of promotion. Next to the "P. & O." the North German Lloyd is the largest steamship navigation company in the world. Each day the captain,

the doctor and the purser explore every nook and corner of the ship, examining the machinery with the chief engineer and his assistants, and entering every cabin and store-room. Washing the decks is done at lunch time instead of early in the morning, as on most lines, so that passengers may keep their cabin port-holes open at night in good weather if they wish to do so.

On the fifth day out the steamer passes the Azores—near enough to see the islands distinctly, and calls are sometimes made. Then appears the coast of Portugal, and Cape St. Vincent steps out of the geography into an actual locality. Then come the Straits of Gibraltar, the Pillars of Hercules, the coast of Africa, and the snow-topped Atlas Mountains, "the Mountains of the Moon," and if Southern Spain is your destination you will get into

marble courts and through the richly decorated rooms of the grand old Moorish palace. Thence to Malaga is a half-day's journey, and Gibraltar may be reached from Malaga in one night by steamer.

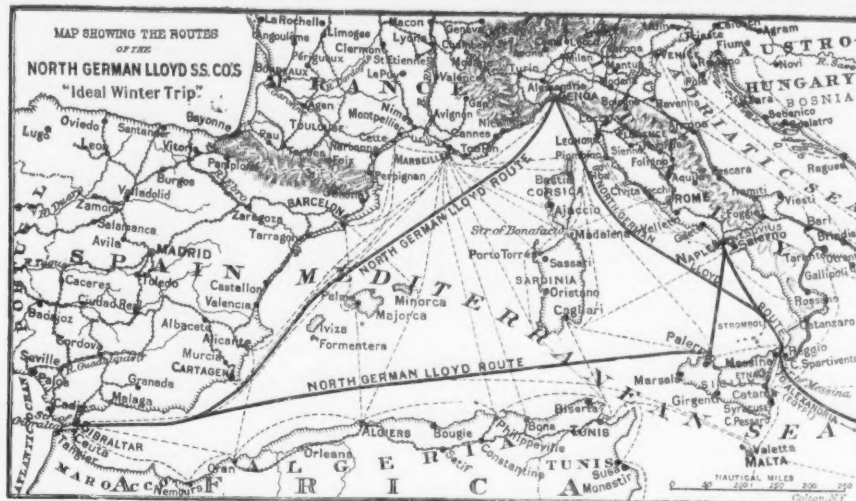
By the trip here described the traveler is in Gibraltar in time to catch, on its return trip to New York, the same North German Lloyd ship that brought him over. When one gets home he will have been away about thirty days, seeing, in that time, some of the wonders of the world.

The writer of this sketch made the Spanish trip here outlined, spending two weeks on the way from Gibraltar via Tangier, back to Gibraltar, finding delightful weather (it was November), with excellent hotels and comfortable railways, all through Spain. There were two people in the party, and in Tangier we hired

a journey to such a far-away country as Italy unless we can stay a proportionately long time. Why may we not find our winter's rest at sea and a week or two in Spain or in Italy? Why not spend the Christmas holidays in Rome, even if we have not time to travel through Europe? This new steamship line opens up possibilities of winter enjoy-



In the Oldest of Lands



one of the little boats when the anchor-chains rattle down in the splendid harbor of "Gib," and be pulled ashore, to land at stone stairs under the eye of Tommy Atkins, of Her Majesty's—th.

Tommy will invite you into a little office, where you will receive a permit to enter the gates of Gibraltar—supposing you are not a suspicious character—which permit must be renewed every ten days. Gibraltar is not the most hospitable place in the world. You cannot get permission to live there if you should want to ever so much; but it is not likely that you will exhaust your first permit, for the wonderful fortifications can be seen in half a day, and after that you will wander about the streets and in the beautiful garden enjoying the life of the town. Spaniards, Moors and donkeys press through the narrow ways. The omnipresent English private, with his little switch and that remarkable round cap hung on a knob of his head, is there, five thousand strong.

The first thing to do when you start for Spain from Gibraltar is not to go to Spain, but to Africa. Tangier, the wildest and most interesting of all accessible Moorish cities, is only thirty-five miles down the Strait. You could row from the North German Lloyd ship to the little steamer that makes the daily trip to Tangier (in good weather) and be in the Moorish city on Monday afternoon, if you wished to. That is, you can leave New York on Saturday, spend a week on the ocean surrounded by every luxury, and be in Morocco, "the China of the West," on Monday.

In spite of all the strangeness about him, the traveler will find very comfortable hotels in Tangier, and with no reminder within their walls of the wonderful life of the Arabian Nights which is going on outside. If one is given to snap-shots it will be well for him to make an innocent-looking brown-paper package out of his kodak (leaving a hole in front for the lens), for the natives strongly resent having their counterfeit presentations transferred to anybody's roll. A Mohammedan has an idea that the person who makes a picture of a living being must furnish it with a soul at the last day, and they are desirous of avoiding any unpleasant complications. In Gibraltar, by the way, it is against the law to take photographs or to make sketches.

After two or three days in Tangier one can take a small steamer that will land him in a few hours at Cadiz, and he is in Spain. With

a courier—a good fellow, who helped to make Spain a pleasant memory. We had never before felt the need of a valet-de-place, but Spain is one of the few countries where such a companion is exceedingly useful. The natives of Spain talk Spanish—and nothing else—with remarkable unanimity, and one must have a local guide in every town unless he has a courier. We paid our man \$2.50 a day and his expenses, but the latter were only his railway fares, as the hotels charged nothing for him, in consideration of the fact that he brought guests. We traveled second-class on



Dining for Pennies—off Capri.

all railways, the courier going in another carriage, and usually managing to get us an entire compartment to ourselves. The cost of the two weeks' trip was about \$8 a day for each person, including the expense of the courier. You could not buy the memory of that trip for ten times what it cost.

Travelers may spend a week or two in southern Spain, and go on in a later North German Lloyd steamer to Genoa (stop over privileges are allowed without extra charge), and all Italy is before them. Some trips of the steamers are timed to call at Algiers and Naples on the way out, and stop-overs are allowed on the same terms—some go direct. On the approach to Genoa, the harbor of which is reached on the eleventh day from New York, the steamers keep close to the shore of the Riviera, so that



Going up Venturo

go by rail or sea to Naples, and spend a little time amid the loveliness of Sorrento or Capri or Amalfi, and join your steamer for the return trip to New York. You can, if you like, connect with North German Lloyd steamers for Egypt, and breathe the pure, dry air of Luxor, and enjoy the grandest and most interesting ruins in the world. During the winter the North German Lloyd Company will send some large express steamers from New York to Alexandria direct, touching at Gibraltar, Palermo and Naples, and returning over the same route. This will be a great convenience to those going to Egypt or to the Holy Land, and travelers for Southern Italy can be carried directly to their destination.

The North German Lloyd Company inaugurated this Mediterranean service in the autumn of 1891. It has been very successful from the first, not only in the winter, but, most unexpectedly, proving its attractiveness as a summer line also—travelers finding it the best way to reach Italy and Switzerland. One avoids the English Channel, the custom houses of several countries, and much disquieting railway travel. At first, two steamers, the Werra and the Fulda, sailing at intervals of about three weeks, were sufficient. Later the fast steamer Ena was added, and now the splendid Kaiser Wilhelm II. has been put on—a vessel of 7,000 tons—all being fitted especially for the comfort of passengers in southern seas.

We are apt to think that we should not take

ment that we Canadians have never had before. The Mediterranean has been neglected, but the visitor to the Mediterranean countries finds far more variety there than in northern Europe; he is taken to another world, one that is in direct contrast to our own workday sphere—a world where people think more of enjoyment than do the Anglo-Saxon races—a world of *dolce far niente* and rest.

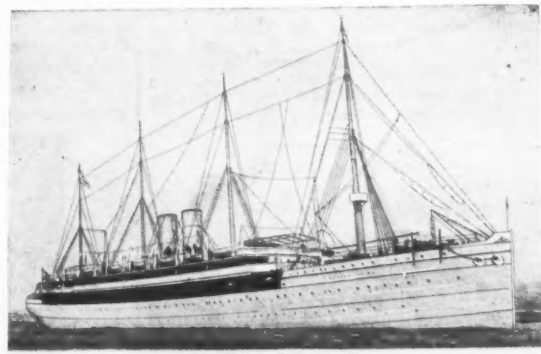
Messrs. Oelrichs & Co. are the agents in New York, the sole Mediterranean agency for Toronto being with Barlow Cumberland at 72 Yonge street, from whom every detail may be obtained and cabins secured on application.

A Letter from Old London.

Sir Charles Russell on Canadian Law Schools—The English Law System—Something About E. S. Willard and Franklin McLeay

Lord Chief Justice Russell has raised quite a stir in legal circles by his lecture at the opening of the Law Lectures, in which he condemned the English system and praised the systems of education practiced in the Canadian and American law schools. I had the good fortune to hear this lecture, thanks to George Blakelock, Esq., Barrister of Gray's Inn, who secured tickets for me. Mr. Blakelock's father was a Canadian, born at Beaverton, and the son takes a great interest in Canada. The Times endorses what Chief Justice Russell has said, and calls for reform.

Speaking of things legal, does every Canadian know that, with the exception of the financial barrier, it is much easier to become a barrister in London, and thus *ad eundem statum* a barrister of any civilized country in the world, than it is to become a barrister in Toronto? Let me go slightly into details and show that this is so. A man who wants to be an English barrister must enrol himself in one of the four Inns of Court. Having done this, he begins to "keep terms," that is, he must eat at least six dinners in each term in the dining-room of his Inn. This is the only obligatory duty imposed upon him, hence we often hear the taunt thrown at lawyers that they eat their way to the bar. A student must keep terms for three years, and there being four terms each year, he must, therefore, eat at least seventy-two dinners before he is eligible to be called. Lectures are regularly delivered, but attendance is not compulsory, the result naturally being that but few attend. In fact, as long as the embryotic barrister pulls his three examinations he is at liberty to do whatever he will, save and except that he must not in any way earn any money. He must play the role of the gentleman of means and eat his dinners; these are his special duties. Comparing our own examination papers at Osgoode Hall with those here, I am bound to say that ours are more difficult and the more numerous. Let me quote Lord Russell on this point. He says: "From enquiry I have made, I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that, with all the care taken, the examinations are such as can be satisfactorily passed without any prolonged study, and without any real



The Kaiser Wilhelm II.

learning, under the guidance, for a comparatively short period, of the skilled crammer." It is because it takes nearly two hundred pounds for fees, and three years of earning nothing, that there are not myriads of barristers here, and most certainly not because of any severe educational test.

Whilst strolling through the Tower the other day I saw several companies of the Grenadier Guards going through battalion drill, and quite naturally, as a Canadian militiaman, comparisons with some of Toronto's crack corps began at once to take form in my mind. It is no-

my wish to make any bold soldier feel a bit vain, but as a volunteer, who has climbed up from the ranks to shoulder straps, I must say that the Queen's Own of the Queen City can give points to the Grenadier Guards in battalion movements. This may sound strange, but in this instance, as in many others, we are apt to throw around British things a halo of preeminence that is not always deserved, and in nothing is this more true than in the case of soldiers. Our reading of history and our commendable patriotism have caused us to think of the English soldiers as an ideal in all that is soldierly, and at the same time to be too ready to acknowledge the superiority of corps of the Motherland. I never could see why colonials should be second-rate simply because they are colonials, and yet this is the line of reasoning too often adopted. In point of physique there can be no question as to the superiority of the Canadian soldiers, and from what I have seen it seems to me that he is a better drill than he gives himself credit for being.

Mr. E. S. Willard, so well known in Toronto, is not meeting with unequalled success in his new play by Mr. Jerrold, *The Rise of Dick Halward*. I was at the Garrick Theater on the second night of the piece, and was surprised to see an audience of a few hundred only. The play reminds one somewhat of "Judith," but cannot begin to equal that masterpiece; still, the part of Dick Halward is in the main very much like that of the clergyman in the former. The stage-settings are very fine and the company an excellent one, but the success of the play is in the balance. The *Rise of Dick Halward* has been played in America and, perhaps, in Toronto.

There is another actor rapidly coming to the front in England, and one in whom Canadians have an especial interest. I refer to Franklin McLeay, now playing with Wilson Barrett. His latest role, that of Nero, the Roman Emperor, in Mr. Barrett's new play, *The Sign of the Cross*, is admittedly one of the finest pieces of character acting ever seen on any stage. His delineation represents the Tyrant in all his changing moods, from drunken stupidity to true imperial dignity, such as even this son of the Cæsars undoubtedly possessed. There is an effort being made to induce Mr. Barrett to come to London in January, and should he do so it will surprise me and be contra to the opinions of the provincial press if Mr. McLeay's Nero does not meet with the warmest praise. The *Sign of the Cross* received its first presentation in Chicago last spring, and was, I think, being privately rehearsed when the company was in Toronto. London, Eng., Nov. 9. T. H. G.

Princess Olga and Two Princes.

Modern Society

AN excellent time a splendid layette was sent from Paris to St. Petersburg for the little Princess Olga, in fact, to be prepared for emergency, one layette was sent for a boy and another for a girl. The commotion in the palaces

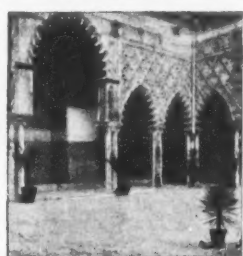
of Europe over this little princess is amazing, but had an heir to the Imperial throne been born the commotion would have multiplied. However, within the present generation, two princes who made their debut in this world as the eldest sons of emperors came to such dreadful endings that no one need envy their beginnings. In the fifties, these illustrious babies and their very beautiful mothers shared a large portion of the world's attention between them; and in each case, the future of a dynasty was supposed to be assured by the small heir's arrival. Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph was born at the Tuilleries on March 16, 1856, three years and two months after the marriage of his parents, the Emperor Napoleon III. and Eugenie Comtesse de Teba.

Of course there was a great outburst of official joy, and a sensation-loving nation joined in, and the congratulatory addresses to the Imperial pair might well have assured them that their house was founded on a rock, not on the shifting sand. Accounts of such nursery magnificence floated to England that the appointments of our own Queen's children were believed to be plain and commonplace in comparison. To console themselves for being outshone, Britons agreed with one another that a plain way might answer best, even in the bringing up of highnesses; and that Eugenie would probably abate her extravagance when she had as many children as Victoria I., and found the family bills quite alarming.

The artists who used to invent pictures for the very few illustrated papers then going, found that few subjects paid better than The Imperial Infant in His Cot. The Prince Imperial with His Head Nurse and Suite. The Infant Prince on His Imperial Mother's Knee, and so on. Certainly a few silly fables went the round to the effect that the heir to the French throne was no heir in reality, only a strange baby who had been purchased and smuggled into the Tuilleries in order to fix the affections of a somewhat fickle people on their sovereign and his consort.

Also, that Prince Jerome Napoleon, now set aside from presumptive heirship, had made up his mind to behave like the Wicked Uncle of story books, should the chance occur. These old tales have served before in history, and may be possibly dashed up again when the situation repeats itself, of a crowned couple wishing for a son and having one at last, and an older relative whom the baby's advent relegates to the background. It is all over and done with now, the Third Empire glory. The Imperial infant lived long enough to become an exile and to be murdered by savages; and whatever shadowy rights he had to leave have devolved on Prince Napoleon's sons, born some years after this Emperor's baby.

Rudolph Francis Charles Joseph of Austria was welcomed with the greater enthusiasm because the Empress Elizabeth had given birth to a daughter, the Archduchess Gisela, two years previously, and another girl would have been a disappointment to the people. Like the equally ill-fated Prince Imperial of France, Rudolph favored a plain father rather than a beautiful mother, and at no time could his appearance have been termed prepossessing. His history ought to be a warning to all Sovereign parents who want to turn their heirs into prodigies of learning and accomplishments, for though the poor Archduke's brains were not quite ruined at the expiration of his inordinate education, yet he had suffered so much from repression and cramming that, once let loose, his main instinct was to kick over all barriers and behave in exact opposition to the rules laid down by his early pastors and masters. His exit from this world inspires still greater horror than that of his compeer, once the Prince Imperial of France.



In the Alhambra.



On the Grand Canal, Venice

ten days to spend in that country, the traveler will do well to content himself with southern Spain, leaving Madrid and its neighborhood for another time. The climate of Madrid is cold in winter, and the journey in the slow Spanish trains a long and tedious one. Gibraltar is no longer cut off from the rest of the world, as a railway line from Algebras, the Spanish town just across the bay from Gibraltar, joins it to Cadiz. From Cadiz one will go on to Seville, stopping off perhaps at Jerez, where they make most of the best sherry that the world drinks—the other kind is made elsewhere—and at Seville one should stay for several days. The city is a delight in itself, and it contains one of the most magnificent cathedrals in the world. Its campanile, known as "the Giralda tower," is the model of the beautiful tower of the Madison Square Garden in New York. From Seville the traveler will go to Cordova to see the great mosque, and from there to Granada, staying in one of the excellent hotels, close by the Alhambra, where one may wander at will over the beautiful

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Short Stories Retold.

After the earthquake at Ischia they disinterred an old woman, unharmed. "God bless you!" she cried, as they helped her out; "but for pity's sake," she added impetuously, "dig a little deeper and save my—What! Is there anyone else alive here?" they enquired anxiously. "My hen!" continued the old dame.

The poet Claudius, on being asked the difference between himself and the poet Klopstock, replied, "Klopstock says, 'Thou who art my inferior and yet my equal, approach hither, and stooping to the ground relieve me of my dust-begrimed nether integuments'; whereas, I simply say, 'Johann, come and take off my boots.'"

Two young girls, art students, were talking about some sister-students, the other day, particularly of one young girl, whose relatives in the city are of the ultra-fashionable set. "Is she really so well up in things?" asked the first one. "Up in things!" echoed the second; "well, I should say so. Why, the other day we were in a silver shop and she knew what all the different spoons were for!"

Some years ago Max Muller visited the University at Oxford. He was shown through the colleges, met the celebrities, and was introduced to some of the ardent theologians. He was soon engaged in a religious controversy, and speedily became involved in a point of doctrine. "But you will find it all in St. John," said the excited Professor. "St. John! St. John!" said Max Muller reflectively. "Oh, yes I have read his book, but I do not agree with him."

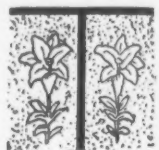
In one of the earliest trials before a colored jury in Texas, the twelve gentlemen were told by the judge to "retire and find the verdict." They went into the jury-room, whence the opening and shutting of doors and other sounds of unusual commotion were presently heard. At last the jury came back into court, when the foreman announced: "We had looked everywhere, judge, for dat verdict—in de drawers and behind de doahs, but it ain't nowar in dat blessed room."

In Germany the telegraphs are the property of the government. The proprietors of a large number of daily newspapers, believing that they were required to pay too high a charge for their telegraphic messages, petitioned the government for a decrease of the press rates. The petition was referred to the Emperor William. He considered it a few moments, and then wrote upon the margin, "The present rate is not too high. The useless despatches that the newspapers publish every day prove this superabundantly."

During the Chilean War, Americans were very badly treated, and "Fighting Bob" Evans did not like it. All classes down there use tremendous quantities of garlic, and the result is unpleasant, for your nose is offended constantly, even in the street. One night a boat was sent ashore from Captain Evans' ship, and, believing it safe, the sailors who had acted as oarsmen left it on the beach for a few minutes while they went to slake their thirst. Upon their return they discovered that a party of Chileans had loaded it with stones. "Fighting Bob" was fighting mad when he heard of it the next day, and was asked what he was going to do about it. "Do about it?" returned the sailor; "why, I'm going to turn my men into traveling arsenals, and if the thing ever happens again, or if our flag is again insulted, I'll make hell smell of garlic!"

A Russian journalist of prominence was pursuing his avocation at Bucharest in 1877, when, one day, Stamboloff, then a patriot "on the make," called on him, and introduced himself as a confederate. The visitor produced an credential a copy of his own paper, *The Young Bulgar*. What struck the other as singular was that Stamboloff produced this *Young Bulgar* from his left boot. And the singularity was enhanced when, the conversation having turned on Bulgarian patriots, Stamboloff produced, one after another, their photographic presentments from the right boot. Finally, upon taking his leave, the editor and proprietor of *The Young Bulgar* asked to be allowed to present his confederate with a copy of his *Poems and Ballads*, and, turning to his left boot again, extracted the volume therefrom.

Between You and Me.



HANKS to the advanced civilization which has considered the dumb creation as well as the talking half, one does not often see cases of cruelty to animals nowadays. Some member of the Humane Society is sure to bob up serenely in time to insure the one who ill-treats a brother brute a punishment in what is sure to be a tender spot—his pocket. The other day in France a peasant ill-used a donkey in a cruel manner. No Humane Society old lady or gentleman was in sight, no hope of a remonstrance at all possible. And so the donkey concluded to take his own part, and setting upon his owner with teeth and hoofs soon reduced him to a state requiring the hospital ambulance. I quite glowed over that donkey, and hope that some of the donkeys who read this paragraph, as they groan under the impositions of so-called friends or relatives or the cruel girding of circumstances, will think over French Neddy's outburst and make a strike for the mastery over various bonds.

The postman has had aspite against me for the last week or he never would have brought me the "blue" letters I have sighed over. It is all in vain to remark that people never can write to strangers of woes that are unbearable. The fact remains that they do. And, therefore, I am weighted down with the idea of a woman so deeply in debt to the city for taxes that she meditates suicide; of a mother whose daughter is going wrong; of a girl whose lover has deserted her (and small blame to him, if she talks as she writes); and of a parcel of people in every stage of discomfort, even down to a girl who has used some skin food advertised in the States as a restorer of youth and beauty, and now sports a beard half an inch long. It is really too much, and, like the French donkey, I have kicked and bitten and rung up the ambulance.

For one thing, I am feeling much more amiable and ready for this week's special observances. I couldn't have been thankful this week if the donkey had not shown me how. And my sympathies are on tap once more for the soothing of anybody having more taxes or other woes than she can carry. Talking of sympathies, we had another little lesson from the lower creation on Sunday. Somehow or other, one of those impudent little sparrows got himself imprisoned in our stable, over the ventilator of which is fastened a gauze wire. Mr. Gay first remarked a congress of birds, from which a deputation separated itself and swooped over to the ventilator, on which they clung and peered into the dark room beyond. The prisoner's white breast and tiny feet appeared, pressed against the inner part of the grating; condolence, explanations and discussion followed. The deputation returned to the congress, and a single member, parent, lover or friend, remained twittering to the prisoner in gentle encouragement. It was intensely human, and I was eager to set free the stray member of swallowdom. Mr. Gay enjoyed three or four more deputations and consultations, and many shriekings and dartings to and fro, before he consented to open the stable door. Then there was a moment of waiting, something flashed past with a rush, and the captive was received with a jubilee of twitters and an amulet of fuss that was perfectly unhuman, for who cares whether our prisoners live or die, or repent or sin, when they come through the portals of Castle Green? Very few, it seems to me.

"What is a stranger to do when invited to a large tea in your city?" wrote a lady to me the other day. "She enters, her name is announced, she shakes hands with her hostess and is carried on with the crowd into the rooms. She knows no one, and no one offers to wait upon or guide her. Presently a girl comes up with a dish of bonbons and offers her one. She wants some tea and asks for it. The girl says 'Oh, yes,' and disappears for half an hour, dumb and growing melancholy. Snatches of conversation reach her; side glances are cast at her. She sinks into a chair in a remote corner. Her eclipse is consummated and by and by she makes her escape, fancying even the butler looks at her in pity." This is quite a tragedy. Fancy being a stranger at a tea! That function above all others where there seems no room for a quiet moment. My lady adds: "Unless you can suggest some way in which I may avoid another such ordeal, I shall abortive teas during my visit to Toronto." Well, if anyone asks you before you have made the acquaintance of our good-natured men and women, I should stay close by the hostess when you enter, and wait until she introduces you to some lone man, and orders him to get you some tea. And if he is not the companionable sort, make him then take you back to the vicinity of your hostess, and tell her you've had a lovely chat with him. This will make her happy and suggest introducing another victim, and for thus advising you, may you return me thanks at the next tea, and may all busy welcoming hostesses forgive me.

LADY GAY.

Remarkable Results.

A prominent resident of an eastern town called at the office of Lakehurst Institute this week to tell us how Gold Cure matters were progressing in this town, from the immediate vicinity of which no less than eighteen well known residents have come during the past ten months to take the famous treatment at Oakville. He said: "Only one of the whole lot has touched liquor since, and no one ever had any confidence in him. The majority of the other seventeen cannot be persuaded to drink even a glass of water or buy a cigar at a place where liquor is kept. I tell you our people have entire confidence in your treatment." This is no solitary instance. The knowledge of the Lakehurst treatment has penetrated to every quarter of the province, and from all points of the compass there come to Oakville each month level-headed men who have had enough of liquor drinking and intend to derive permanent benefit from a four or five weeks' stay with us. Our treatment enables them to abstain from alcohol by removing the disease from the system. Toronto office, 28 Bank of Commerce Building, Phone 1163.

He (at eleven p.m.)—Well, misery loves company, you know. She (repressing a yawn)—Not at this hour, I think.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Famous Reformer.

Rev. C. J. Freeman Speaks of His Life and Work.

He Has Written and Preached on Both Sides of the Atlantic—Recently the Victim of a Peculiar Affliction From Which He Was Released in a Marvellous Manner.

From the Boston Herald.

No. 157 Emerson street, South Boston, is the present home of Rev. C. J. Freeman, B.A., Ph.D., the recent rector of St. Mark's Episcopal church at Anacosta, Mont. During the reform movement which has swept over Boston, Dr. Freeman has been frequently heard from through the various newspapers, and although a resident of a comparatively recent date, he has exerted much public influence, which has been increased by the fact that he was ten years ago on a commission appointed in England to investigate the troublesome question of the vice of great cities.

He has preached before cultured audiences in the old world, as well as to the rough pioneers in the mining towns of the Rocky mountains, and his utterances as well as his writings have been in the line of progress and liberality, well-seasoned with practical common sense. Dr. Freeman has written this paper a letter which will be read with interest. He says:

"Some five years since I found that deep study and excessive literary work, in addition to my ordinary ministerial duties, were undermining my health. I detected that I was unable to understand things as clearly as I usually did; that after a little thought and study I suffered from a dull pain in the head and great weariness, and all thought and study became a trouble to me. I lost appetite, did not relish ordinary food, after eating, suffering acute pains in the chest and back. There was soreness of the stomach, and the most of my food seemed to turn to sour water, with most sickly and suffocating feeling in vomiting up such sour water.



Rev. C. J. Freeman, B.A., Ph.D.

"At this time I consulted several physicians. One said I was run down, another said I had chronic indigestion; but this I did know, that with all the prescriptions which they gave me I was not improving; for in addition, I had pains in the regions of the kidneys, a very sluggish liver, so much so, that I was very much like a yellow man, was depressed in spirits, imagined all sorts of things and was daily becoming worse and felt that I should soon become a confirmed invalid if I did not soon understand my complaints. I followed the advice of physicians most severely, but with all I was completely unable to do ministerial duty, and all I could possibly do was to rest and try to be thankful. After eighteen months treatment I found I was the victim of severe palpitation of the heart, and was almost afraid to walk across my room. Amid all this I was advised to take absolute rest from all mental work. In fact, I was already unable to take any duty for the reason that the feeling of complete prostration after the least exercise, precluded me from any duty whatever, and it appeared to my mind that I was very near being a perfect wreck. As for taking absolute rest, I could not take more than I did unless it was so absolute as to rest in the grave. Then it would have been absolute enough.

"It is now three years, since, in addition to all the pains and penalties which I endured, I found creeping upon me a peculiar numbness of the left limbs, and in fact could not walk about. If I tried to walk I had to drag the left foot along the ground. The power of locomotion seemed to be gone, and I was consoled with the information that it was partial paralysis. Whether it was or not I do not know, but this I do know, I could not walk about and I began to think my second childhood had commenced at the age of 41 years.

"Just about two years ago or a little more, a ministerial friend came to see me. I was sick in bed and could hardly move, and he was something like old Job's comforter, although not quite. He had much regret and commiseration which was a very poor balm for a sick

man: 'Did you ever see Pink Pills?' I said, 'Who in the world is he?' He said, 'Why do you not try Pink Pills?' He said good-bye very affectionately, so much so that doubtless he thought it was the last farewell. Nevertheless, after thinking a little, I just came to the conclusion that I would make an innovation and see what Pink Pills would do. I looked at them, and I said can any good possibly come out of those little pink things? Anyway, I would see. I was suspicious of Pink Pills, and I remembered the old proverb: 'Sospetto licentia feda,' 'suspicion is the passport to faith.' So Pink Pills I obtained, and Pink Pills I swallowed. But one box of them did not cure me, nor did I feel any difference. But after I had taken nine or ten boxes of pills I was decidedly better. Yes, I was certainly improving, and after eight months of Pink Pills I could get about. The numbness of the left limb was nearly gone, the pains in the head had entirely ceased, the appetite was better, I could enjoy food and I had a free, quiet action of the heart without palpitation. In fact, in twelve months I was a new creature, and today I can stand and speak over two hours without a rest. I can perform all my public duties which devolve upon me, without fatigue, and all the walking which I have to do, and am thankful for it. I can safely say I was never in a better state of health than I am to-day, and that I attribute it to the patient, persevering use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

I fully, cordially and strongly commend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all or any who suffer in a similar way, and feel sure that anyone who adopts Pink Pills with perseverance and patience cannot find their expectations unrealized or their reasonable hopes blasted. But he will find that blessing which is the reward of a full trust in a true and reliable remedy. I shall always wish and desire the greatest success for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always cherish a deep feeling of gratitude to the friend who first said to me buy Pink Pills. I have tried them and know their true value, and am truly glad I did, for I have found them from a good experience, to do more than is actually claimed for them.

"Very faithfully yours,"

"C. J. FREEMAN, B.A., Ph.D."

"Late rector of St. Mark's, Montana." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give a new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Mr. Growler—Well, your tongue has driven me to insuring my life for such a large amount that now I can't pay the premiums. Mrs. Growler (thoughtfully)—You might make lots of money by becoming a bridge-jumper.—*New York Weekly.*

Wabash Montezuma Special.

Every morning at 11.03 this superlatively equipped train leaves Dearborn station, Chicago, and starts on her flight towards the land of the setting sun, arriving at St. Louis same evening, giving passengers one hour to view the new depot, the largest and finest passenger station in the world. The train then heads due south, arriving at Hot Springs, Ark., next morning, Texas, Kansas, noon, San Antonio following morning, and Laredo same evening, where direct connection is made with through train, for the City of Mexico. Timetables and pamphlets of Mexico and this great railway, from any R. E. agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

The philanthropist—In giving you that quarter, sir, I'm afraid I've befriended a hard drinker. The beneficiary—You're mistaken this time, sir; drinking is one of the easiest things I do.—*Puck.*

Dorber—Do you think that constantly wearing a hat has a tendency to make a man bald? Jaslin—No; but when a man is bald, I've noticed that it has a tendency to make him constantly wear his hat.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

The old baroness has had her hair dyed the color of red ochre. "How do you like me?" she asked, addressing Rayer; "does it not make me look younger?" "Yes," the masquerade replied, "about a fortnight, I should say."—*La Vie Parisienne.*



NEVER U-J-E-T
Warre's Convido Port Wine
NO!

Turn the bottle upside-down, down-side up, anyway, it is
CLEAR No Sediment
As a **DRINK**, "just the thing" for men and women—especially oculists.
As a **TONIC**, it stands alone.
Thirty years in case, bottled scientifically, mellow, and will keep in any climate.
Bottled at the vineyard in Oporto by most improved methods.

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Dear Sir: We are using the Fibre Chamois Blankets purchased from you, and I am very much pleased with them, they are very warm and their lightness makes them a superior bed cover.

I find them to be very popular with any (if my guests that have used them, and I have much pleasure in recommending them as a most efficient article. Yours sincerely, H. HOGAN, Proprietor.

A light, warm and inexpensive Bed Cover can be made by covering a sheet of Fibre Chamois with any pretty washing material. One and should be left open or lightly tacked so that the Fibre Chamois interlining may be removed when the cover is soiled and requires washing.

Much cheaper, more healthy and durable than heavy quilts and covers. Double the warmth—quarter the weight.
At all leading stores.
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Short Journeys on a Long Road

Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone. A copy of Short Journeys on a Long Road will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Headford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

"So, old chappie, I hear you have got an invite to the alderman's! I suppose you are aware he has ten lovely daughters?" "Jupiter! How is a fellow to know his way about?" "You'd better ask for a catalogue."

Assistant—Here is a complaint by a lady against the conductor of Car 47. Manager—What is the trouble? Assistant—She says he expressed a doubt whether her six children were all under five years old.—*Puck.*

THE WORLD'S HIGHEST GRADE...

SCOTCH WHISKY
The famous Duke of Cambridge
Held on its merit. H. CORBY, Agent
WHY--WHY--WHY
USE
Brown's Special Scotch
Because it's on the table of all who know a good, pure, old whisky. Wine merchants don't keep it, they sell it. H. CORBY, Agent.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Etc.

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS
R. & T. W. Stamped on Each Drop
Wishing to Reduce my Stock
I will sell all PERFUMERY, ATOMIZERS, BRUSHES, COMBS, and all Toilet Articles at specially reduced rates for holiday trade.
S. HOWARTH - 243 Yonge Street.



"HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX"
COMPOUND
"HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX."

This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada. Mils' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for diseases peculiar to women which can and does effect a complete cure. Prolapsus, Uteri, Leucorrhoea, and the PAIN to which every woman is PERIODICALLY subject, yield to Mils' (Can.) Vegetable Compound, entirely and always. Price 75c. For sale by every druggist in this broad land. Letters of enquiry from suffering women, addressed to the "A. M. C." Medicine Co., Montreal, marked "Personal," will be opened and answered by a lady correspondent and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of "the mother sex."

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After meals. Refreshes the palate. See book coupons inside of wrapper.

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Mr. Wyly Grier has done nothing better in that line than his latest portrait of Mr. George Gooderham, which has just been completed. It shows the head and shoulders, with head slightly inclined. The modeling of the forehead is especially good, and, to use an expression of the artist's with regard to the work of another, "the head has a skull in it." It is altogether a most virile piece of work.

An exhibition of the work of Miss Proctor and a few of her pupils in china decoration, was held in the parlors of the Young Women's Guild two days last week, and was well attended both days. Miss Proctor's designs were, in many cases, such as would require an extensive knowledge of figures in addition to that needed for this branch of art, so that certain inaccuracies might well be overlooked for the pretty arrangement of the designs and charming color or combinations of colors used. Several plates of Crown Derby were decorated with a carefully painted head in the center of each, which was most effective. A number of bon-bon dishes of novel design were similarly decorated, the head of a blonde beauty on one being especially good. Jardinières, vases, miniatures, plaques, trays, trinket-holders, and pretty dishes whose use could only be guessed at, were here in profusion, each a charming bit of color. A tray with yellow roses was beautifully painted, and a slender vase of pretty design was a symphony in greens, "the spritz of the ivy vine" included. A jardinière with chrysanthemums of various colors on a pale green ground, by one of the pupils, was excellent. The pretty rooms looked their best, and the china was everywhere most tastefully arranged for display on the tables and cabinets.

An article in the November *Munsey* on J. J. Shannon is well worth reading, and is well illustrated. We had always understood, in a vague kind of a way, that Mr. Shannon was Canadian by birth, but if this writer is correct, as is no doubt the case, the only foundation for the supposition is the fact that his early boyhood was passed in St. Catharines. In speaking of Shannon's style the writer says: "He has all the soft grace and tender coloring of that great group (Romney, Hoppner, Reynolds and Raeburn), blended with modern skill and accuracy. He may lack the authority and bold brilliancy of Whistler and Sargent, but there is a gracious note of sentiment in his work, a suavity and depth of feeling that pervade and control every stroke of his brush."

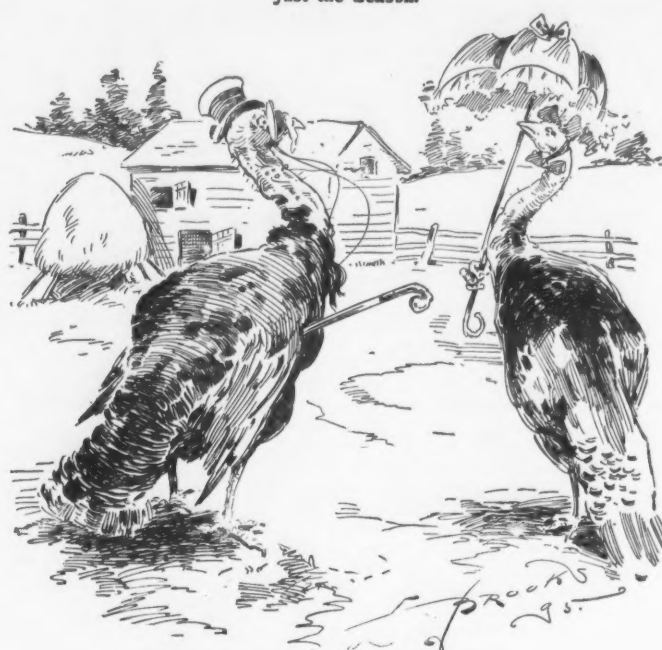
The studio of Miss Eleanor Douglas, 5 Avenue Chambers, on the corner of College street and Spadina avenue, was visited by many of her friends last Saturday, when the artist gave a private view of a few of the pictures on which she has been at work this summer. Miss Douglas was one of the group of artists who spent the summer in and about Doon, and while showing some traces of the influence of others, has a very marked individuality of her own. Her effects are broadly given, and there is always unity of purpose in each canvas. In a sketch of the interior of a wood the tree trunks stood out in bold relief, and the massing of the foliage was excellent. As the Toronto School of Painting is in the same building, a short visit was paid it. Here a large number of students were at work making charcoal sketches from the living model, and very creditable they were to both pupil and teacher. Several still-life studies in oil gave an idea of the methods of work pursued here; nearly all showed simplicity in grouping and boldness in execution.

Nothing is too venerable to escape the destroying hand of the modern "improver." One of the latest relics of a picturesque, if not a very sweet or comfortable, past to fall under the ban of the destroyer is the ancient wall of Avignon, where once the Popes took refuge from their enemies. It was not a saintly spot during their residence. Petrarch describes it as a "terrestrial hell," the abode of every vice in the calendar. But the old walls, which were then sufficient to protect the refugees "successors of St. Peter," and the grim palaces in which they dwelt, are the one charm of the ancient city, and the proposal of the town council to raze the former, on the sadly utilitarian ground that they are an obstacle to public improvement, has met with a vigorous protest from the French Commission of Historic Monuments. It seems a pity—and yet we suppose the comfort and convenience of the present inhabitants of the old town are worthy of some consideration. If the two things could be harmonized in some way it would be well. LYNN C. DOYLE.

Must Canada Have a Peer?

"At first sight Mr. Chamberlain's appointment of Colonel Gerard Smith to the Governorship of Western Australia seems curious," says the *St. James Gazette*. "It is curious that nobody above the rank of a commoner should be found by Lord Salisbury's Government to be a colonial Governor. When Lord Rosebery seemed able to find no peers to take such appointments we all put it down to the depleted state of his party. But no such explanation can be offered now."

This puts the matter in a new light. Do we colonials insist that our Governors-General shall be Lords, and do we object to Commoners? Have we not always rather supposed (in our vanity) that the shrewdest and ablest men were sent to Canada, sent because of their capacity for the gubernatorial position and not because of their "peeriness"? Sometimes, of course, demagogues have claimed that now and then a peer secured the position of Governor-General of Canada in order to recuperate his fortunes by leading a primitive life in this wooden country on a good salary, his revenues at home accumulating the while. But certain people will talk—you know how it is. The question now is, however, does



"Where are you going, my Turkey maid?"
"I am going a walking, sir!" she said.
"You had better be careful, my Turkey maid, Or some one will axe you, Miss, he said."

(Copyrighted.)

Canada insist upon having a peer, or would we be content with a commoner of the patronymic of Smith? As an attraction at Rideau Hall, would he draw? Would Ottawa acknowledge Her Excellency Mrs. Smith? We wot not!

The Bloomer Costume.

WRITER in the *Draper's Record* discusses the question of Rational Dress as it is likely to affect the business of those who supply feminine clothing. He is not alarmed seriously, and proceeds to show that at periodic intervals women have shown a violent but always brief desire to array themselves in masculine attire, or something near it. He refers specially to the Bloomer rage in the early fifties, which

was even more pronounced and well organized than is the present bloomer craze—for the word is not now Bloomer (after Mrs. B.), but bloomer, a garment, so named few now know why. Several advertisements from the *London Times* of 1851 are quoted, and here are three of them:

BLOOMER BALL.—A GRAND SUBSCRIPTION BLOOMER COSTUME BALL will be given (of particular desire) at the Crystal Hall, 101 St. Mark's lane, on Monday next, November 3, on which occasion no lady will be admitted except in Bloomer dress. Double tickets, 5s; single ditto, 3s; to be had on application at the Hall.

BLOOMERISM.—MRS. JAMES WILL LECTURE THIS evening at the Institution, Guild square, Minories, on Monday, November 3, at King's Arms Hotel, Snow hill; Tuesday, November 4, Great Hall, Broadway, Westminster; Tuesday, November 11, Temperance Hall, Mile-end.

BLOOMER LECTURES.—ROYAL SOHO THEATRE, Dean street, Soho.—Positively the last five nights of the Lectures by the American lady, previous to her departure for the provinces.—This evening (Tuesday) October 23, and four following evenings, the lectures will be illustrated by living models of the new and proper fashions. P. 4 and upper boxes, 6d.; boxes, 8d.; stalls, 1s; reserved seats in private boxes, 2s 6d. Doors open at 5, commence at half past 8.

Addison's story of one of Sir Roger de Coverley's tenants is repeated. The tenant was asked by a lady, dressed in the masculine coat of the moment, whether the building near by was Coverley Hall. Looking at her coat he replied: "Yes, sir;" but on being asked whether Sir Roger were a married man, he, observing her petticoat, changed his note to "No, madam." We are also told that a woman was once thus addressed:

Sir or madam, choose you whether
You are one or both together;
And it is said that at a wedding in old France
She was dressed almost as galli
As her gallant,
And when they came to church
The priest, looking at them,
Asked jestingly,
Which of you two is the husband?

The *Draper's Record* concludes that as the fashions passed in 1851, and many times before, so will the knickerbockers of to-day soon disappear. Without espousing the cause of dress reform, it might be pointed out that nothing in the past parallels the situation of the present. In 1851 the bloomer costume had nothing to promote its adoption but the energy of Mrs. Bloomer and such arguments as she could adduce. She was the prototype, in a way, of the charming Mrs. Jenness-Miller of to-day, who by argument, persuasion and a certain quota of example would give to woman a reformed dress. But the bicycle is abroad in the land, and the wheel was not known in 1851. The *Draper's Record* probably underestimates the potency of the wheel, its mission on earth. If the use of the bicycle is to become universal among women, dress reform is not a matter of choice, but of compulsion. The nature of the reform depends not upon taste, but upon the necessity as it reveals itself.

Speaking of the bloomer costume and its apostles reminds me of a meeting to advocate this matter, which I once saw in the far West, many years ago. Mrs. Bloomer had some ardent followers, who started on a lecturing tour and happened to arrive at the town and hotel where I was temporarily residing. The men of that town had opinions and did not intend to permit the new costume to get a footing (or should it be logging?) in their midst. They publicly announced their intention to waylay the lecturer and her friends en route to the Town Hall, and so comfort themselves that her lecture would be indefinitely postponed. The Western women resented this announcement and formed a guard of honor to

conduct the Bloomerites to the hall. So many homely women, so ably armed with brooms, mops, etc., and led by a fat little body shouldering a rusty gun, never faced an overawed population. The Bloomer lecture was delivered, but so far as I remember no converts were secured. LA MODE.

The Need and the Succor.

In the long drought—when not a drop of rain has fallen, perhaps for weeks—every living thing in the land, animal and vegetable, cries out for water. The hills, the valleys, the flowers, the grass, the cattle and human beings, most of all, pray for rain, each in its own language; for without it they must surely die.

Just so when a man is hungry. Every part and parcel of his body calls for food. It is a regular starvation chorus: not the stomach alone, but every other organ, every nerve, muscle, bone, tendon, every drop of running blood, every bit of gray matter in the skull, every square inch of skin, etc., they all want it and must have it. For the body you move about in and are so proud of, is nothing under the sun but the stuff you eat and drink, moulded and vitalized by the mystery of digestion.

How ridiculous and unnatural, therefore, is the idea of any kind of good victuals "going against" a person; it is like the idea of the sweet rain from heaven "going against" the dry grass—something that never happened, nor ever will, as long as Nature has her own way in the meadows and among the clouds.

Yet here we have a good friend, who says there was a time in her life when her food seemed like a burden and a trouble to her. Full of roses falling to the ground, were to turn away in fear from the soft shower, it would be doing what this woman did in turning away from the food placed upon the table before her. Do you think it easy to account for? It is enough to say that she had no appetite! No; for what do you mean by that? Why should nature have refused her an appetite? The answer isn't half so simple as you fancied; is it?

Here is her own way of putting the case: "Sixteen years ago," she says "while living in service at Halifax, I fell into poor health, everything seemed a burden and a trouble to me. After eating I had dreadful pains at my chest and sides; my food appeared to be killing me. By-and-bye I got so dreadfully low and weak, that I had to leave my situation and return to my home in Malton. I consulted a doctor and also a chemist, but their medicines did not help me. After being at home six months, I took turn for the better, and got on fairly well up till August, 1891, when I was troubled with dizziness and dimness of sight. I spat up a quantity of sour, frothy fluid, and had great pain at the pit of my stomach. I used to break out into cold, clammy sweats, and what food I forced myself to take did not nourish me. Then I saw two more doctors, who gave me medicines, but, in spite of all they could do, I got weaker and weaker day by day. It was at this time I came to hear of Seigel's Syrup. I began to use it and found relief at once. It did me more good than all the doctors' medicine I ever took. At every dose I got stronger and stronger and soon felt myself renewed in health, as I was before my long illness. You are at liberty to publish this letter if you think it may be useful to others. Yours truly (signed), Mrs. Elizabeth Appleton, 35 Cross Row, Brocton, near Saltburn, Yorkshire, May 26, 1893.

To-day Mrs. Appleton can eat whatsoever comes her way. Her food no longer injures her and gives her pain, but nourishes her as nature means it shall do for everybody. But why did her needy body no longer reject the very thing it needed? Why did the parched grass shrink and suffer, as it were, at the touch of the gentle rain?

The reason (you know it by name if not by nature) was indigestion and dyspepsia. The stomach went wrong (the stomach is the body's treasury) and the whole system went with it. For this dire malady Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup is the remedy, tried and proved all the world over. When you are tired of experimenting with things that do you no good, try the one thing that will help you. It makes you thankful for hunger and thankful for food to satisfy it.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, sermons or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Replies unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

TRAM—It's really too bad. Your writing shows sympathy, idealism, generosity, good temper, decision, humor, self-esteem, generosity and honor. It is a charming hand.

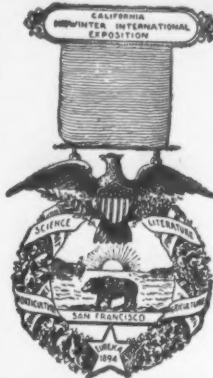
HISLEN S. A.—Don't ask me. How on earth can I tell whether your character has changed if I haven't any clue to what it was then? Hailen, and your bookhand make me tired.

ELLA BAUER.—This is a receptive, adaptable and very good-natured person, full of fun and very bright and vivacious; some little peculiarities and a good deal of imagination and plenty of independence are shown; should be a person eminently well able to take care of herself, but willing to be taken care of.

CANADIAN LARSEN.—Your letter has turned up again. I have an idea I answered it. I don't know surely whether

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Besides 9 Other GOLD SILVER and BRONZE Medals
AT THE WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITIONS



WE MAY NOT ALL BE BEAUTIES

But we may have SMOOTH, SOFT SKINS and CLEAR COMPLEXIONS, which are in themselves the first elements of BEAUTY and which make the plainest face attractive.

DR CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS and FOUL'S ARSENIC SOAP

cause the skin to become SMOOTH, SOFT and VELVET, and the COMPLEXION to be CLEARER and WHITER by the use of the above WORLD FAMOUS REMEDIES.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers are a permanent beautifier, building up the wasted tissues underlying the skin, thus preventing the formation of WRINKLES, cleansing the pores thoroughly of their secretions and all impurities which find lodgment in them.

Every Lady, young or old, should use them. FOUL'S ARSENIC SOAP is a wonderful protection to the skin from the ravages of the wind, sun and weather.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers and FOUL'S MEDICATED ARSENIC SOAP are the only REAL BEAUTIFIERS of the COMPLEXION, SKIN AND FORM. They are simply wonderful for removing FRECKLES, BLACKHEADS, PIMPLES, VULGAR REDNESSES, RUDDY, YELLOW or muddy skin, and, in fact, all blemishes, whether on the FACE, NECK, ARMS or body. Wafers, by mail, \$1; six large boxes, \$5 Soap, 60c. Address all mail orders to The Lyman Bros. Co., 71 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont. Confidential letters should be addressed to H. B. Fould, 214 6th Avenue, New York. Sold by all Druggists.



Wilson Barrett is a Maxman, but I will find out from unquestionable authority very soon and will advise you in these columns. Your pretty writing is very feminine and refined. By the way, the critic you abuse is a man—could you not guess that? I agree with you, but it is quite impossible to grant your request.

NEWTON LIME.—This is a rough diamond, but, I think, a diamond *altes samme*, fond of an easy time, a soft corner, and a genial companion, preferably of the opposite sex. A strong, hearty, decided nature, with a good deal of go and enterprise and a decidedly earthly inclination. Writer should have it in mind and be rather a success in any business calling him into constant contact with men. Books and deep study would not suit him nearly so well. A good deal of social instinct and a generous and affectionate nature are shown.

COLONEL—I should not like to undertake to make you change an opinion, a fancy, or a prejudice. You are strong, impulsive and don't bother your head about appearances any more than necessity compels. You are generous, of hand, and sometimes over-hasty; I think you generally get what you want, but diplomacy is foreign to you. It is rather a fine nature which this study reveals, kindly and material at once, capable of much self-sufficiency, a little open to flattery, but a good sort. Colonel or Corporal, a person worthy of respect.

KARHISEN.—You are strong mentally and quick in perception, with the influence of traditions and conservatism overshadowing your life. You cling to your opinions and are unwavering in your faith; you are eminently a sociable person, cultured and rather logical; you do not take life lightly, rather you put it to the even ways and stand firm in your tracks. Your writing is distinctly reliable, and has not a wavering streak in it. I think you are probably much more determined than many who make more noise, and you are both constant and loyal to your friends.

ZEPHYR—I think I have seen you before, but as you say not, I will consider your study. It is rather an undecided and uncertain one, apt to be easily influenced, somewhat prejudiced and averse to change, with some imagination, love of display, a tendency to despond under trial. All these marks of weakness, may be only the results of want of development, for the study has suggestions of character which are estimable and good, but is somewhat uncultured and crude. The writer would be successful in any modest enterprise, but lacks decision for large affairs. There is a good deal of sympathy and gentleness shown in it.

TITANIUM.—Baguey or Muskoka? Well, I have never seen the Baguey, but nothing would induce me to go again to Muskoka. I have visited it twice, and I expect the next time would finish me. Now, I know thousands go every year to enjoy it, and it does them good, but not I; I am going to the other place next summer if I am able. Hope you want if you did, to tell me about it, like a good girl. Your writing is rather shaky and unfinished, but it has an amount of character. It shows social tendencies, decided purpose, good sequence of ideas, orderly and concise notions and a rather happy and buoyant spirit, occasionally variable, however. Your judgment isn't infallible, nor is your sense of proportion exact.

RAZ.—I feel a good deal of the doubt expressed by you as to your real character, for your writing is merely the mechanical effort acquired at the business college. The few traits of original character which such a hand confesses are not of marked value. No more like yourself than is your manner in your business office like that of your leisure hours, that is 'spoils' you have 'em! I really don't see enough of you in it to even guess at your true self. It is as expressionless as a wax image, but here and there are hints of ambition, good temper, refined feeling and a love of the beautiful. The general impression is of a nature sweet rather than strong, but as I said before, the flourishes of the business college, however desirable in their way, are not apt to be interesting or instructive graphically.

The Ladies Approve of Smoking.

The aroma of tobacco is pleasing to ladies if it is pure and well blended. "Westminster" and "Royal Ascot" combine rare qualities, and they are fit to be smoked in a parlor. To be had only at G. W. Muller's, 9 King street west.

His Name.

Constable (to man driving horse and cart)—Are you aware that the law demands your name to be written plainly on your cart, and yours is obliterated? Mike O'Brady—Me name is not O'Blitherated at all; it's O'Brady.

Scott's Emulsion

is Cod-liver Oil emulsified, or made easy of digestion and assimilation. To this is added the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, which aid in the digestion of the Oil and increase materially the potency of both. It is a remarkable flesh-producer. Emaciated, anæmic and consumptive persons gain flesh upon it very rapidly. The combination is a most happy one.

Physicians recognize its superior merit in all conditions of wasting. It has had the endorsement of the medical profession for 20 years.

Don't be persuaded to take a substitute! Scott & Bowne, Belleville, 50c. and \$1.

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Rev. M. E. SIPLE, Whitevale, Ont.:

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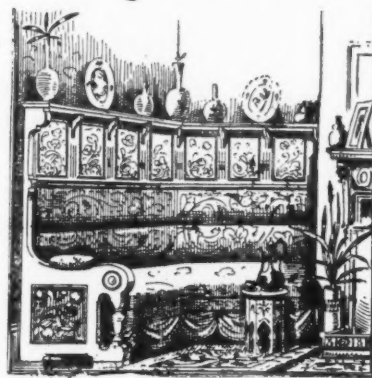
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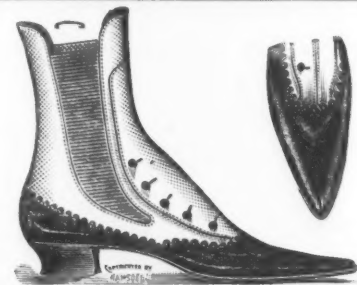
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Picture Sale.

Mr. William Smith, an artist whose work is well and favorably known here, though his home is in St. Thomas, will have a large number of his water-colors on view at Messrs. Dickson & Townsend's, 22 King street west, on Wednesday next, and they will be sold by auction on Thursday, Nov. 28. This collection will embrace his entire year's work, consisting mostly of Scotch subjects which he has painted during the past summer. Amongst them are a number of architectural pieces, landscapes, marines, and character sketches, which will afford an excellent opportunity for lovers of really fine water-colors to add to their collections. Mr. Smith's reputation as one of Canada's most rapidly rising artists should be sufficiently well known to ensure an attentive examination of his works when on exhibition and a good sale next Thursday.

Max O'Rell.

The return on December 2 of that "witty Frenchman" Max O'Rell, promises to be a society and literary event of some importance. For this, his final appearance here, he is to tell us of the "Happiest People in the World." To make us all "happy" seems to be the mission of Max O'Rell in this world, and it should be a genuine treat to hear him talk on the subject of Happiness. Torontonians have heard Max O'Rell before and admired his fine humor, and will be only too glad of another opportunity of hearing him.

A grand Scottish concert will be given on St. Andrew's Eve, November 29, under the auspices of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and the Sons of Scotland. Miss Mabel Munro of New York, the distinguished contralto and Scottish entertainer; Karl Walther of Montreal, the high-class violinist; Harold Jarvis, tenor; P. Delaseo, basso; Agnes Forbes, Scottish vocalist; Mrs. Blight and Miss Underwood, accompanists, and the juvenile Highland dancers in costume will make up a strong programme.

Tommy—Pa, why is it the good die young? Mr. Figg—They don't die young because they are good, but they stay good because they die young.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Did I understand you to say, John, that the tenor married the contralto?" "Yes. The choir was to be disbanded and that was their only means of continuing their quarrel."—*Life*.

Visitor—Well, Johnny, I suppose your father thinks the twins are something wonderful? Johnny—Yes, but (in a confidential whisper) I could lick 'em both, easy!—*St. James's Budget*.

"Now that we are married, Penelope, and have nothing to conceal from each other, how—" "I'm twenty-nine, George. How much did you give the preacher?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Watts—Do you think a man can be a Christian on a dollar a day? Potts—I don't see how he can afford to be anything else.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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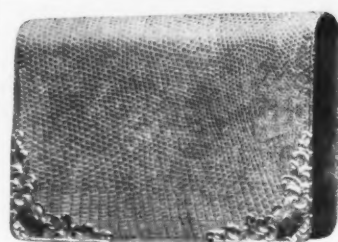
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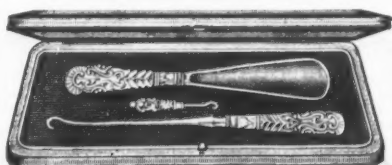
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Cut Glass Syrups (plated top)

\$1.50 each

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births

ALEXANDER—Nov. 7, Mrs. Alexander, U.C.—a daughter.

STRATHY—Nov. 14, Mrs. Strathy—a daughter.

LITTLE—Wid. Mrs. J. M. Little—a son.

McLAUGHLIN—Nov. 11, Mrs. J. F. McLaughlin—a son.

RIE—Nov. 9, Mrs. R. B. Rie—a son.

HASTINGS—Nov. 14, Mrs. C. J. Hastings—a son.

McKENZIE—Nov. 15, Mrs. H. G. Mackenzie—a son.

SAUNDERS—Nov. 16, Mrs. Henry W. Saunders—a son.

Deaths

CRAWFORD—Nov. 14, Helen Mary Crawford, aged 78.

CULLEN—Nov. 14, Lily M. Cullen, aged 10.

EDWARDS—Nov. 14, Hannah C. Edwards, aged 81.

ADAMS—Nov. 13, Samuel Adams, aged 50.

ELIOT—Nov. 15, Granville Percival Eliot, aged 41.

FISHER—Nov. 14, James Thornton Fisher, aged 41.

CANTILLON—Nov. 14, Wm. D. Cantillon, aged 63.

FREZGERALD—Nov. 14, Catherine F. Fitzgerald, aged 56.

PORTER—Nov. 9, Martha M. Porter, aged 69.

REA—Nov. 17, Dr. James Rea.

SMITH—Nov. 17, Sarah Elizabeth Smith, aged 51.

GAULT—Nov. 16, Robert L. Gault, aged 61.

MACRAE—Nov. 16, Alexander Macrae, aged 51.

ODGEN—Nov. 16, Mary L. Odgen.

SHEPPARD—Nov. 15, Jane M. Sheppard, aged 39.

ROBSON—Nov. 19, Cleary Ann Robson, aged 43.

MANSELL—Nov. 19, Georgina Marie Mansell, aged 72.

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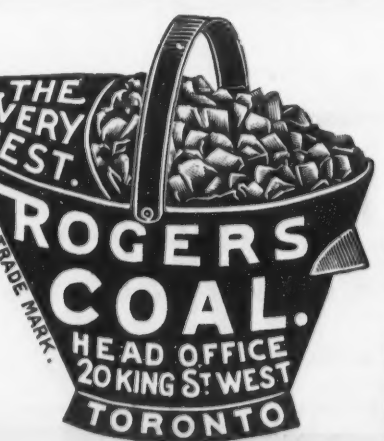
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It took time, patience, will power and money to burn down the barrier of prejudice which years of custom had erected. Fashionable people had been buying their hats and bonnets on King street and paying two or three prices without a murmur. Of course the "things" were "charged," a great convenience, no doubt. But, ah! when the bill came home, how cross and irritable the *pater* felt for days and days. No wonder—not a bit.

One opera bonnet.....\$25 00
One hat for Miss Clara.....18 50
One street bonnet.....30 00
One walking-hat (trimmed).....10 00

Our grand Millinery openings were visited first out of curiosity, then out of interest, then for business. Everything paid for when ordered, figures out this way:

One opera bonnet.....\$12 00
One hat for Miss Clara.....7 50
One street bonnet.....15 00
One walking-hat (trimmed).....3 50

\$38 00

"Not so good," you say, unbeliever. Nonsense! Ask your friends who've bought here. Fact is we pay more money in Paris for pattern hats and bonnets than any other store in Toronto. We buy the very latest novelties as they come out in Paris, New York and London, and so keep in perfect touch with the fashionable world. Of course we sell to people who cannot afford to pay the prices we are talking about; but then what sensible store does not? Wannah-maker of Philadelphia, Macy of New York, Louvre of Paris—all serve millionaires, yet cater to the million. Our millinery business is wonderful and keeps on growing better. We hire expert women with "ideas" and have saleswomen who "know how" to suit their customers. It is only a question of time till we have your trade; why not now? Worth while taking a look, anyway.

Mourning Millinery a decided specialty. Families waited upon at their residence by experienced artists.

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